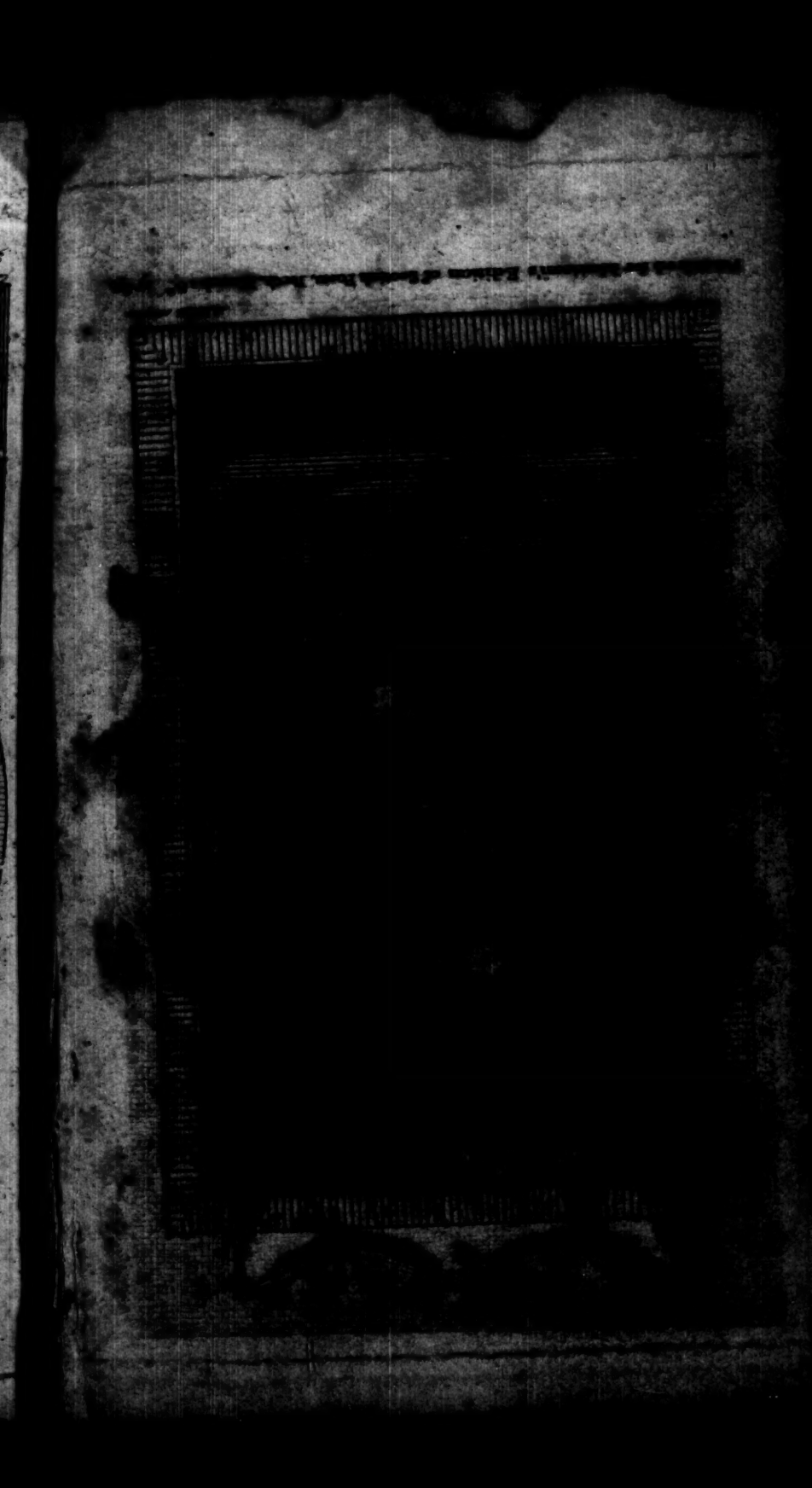

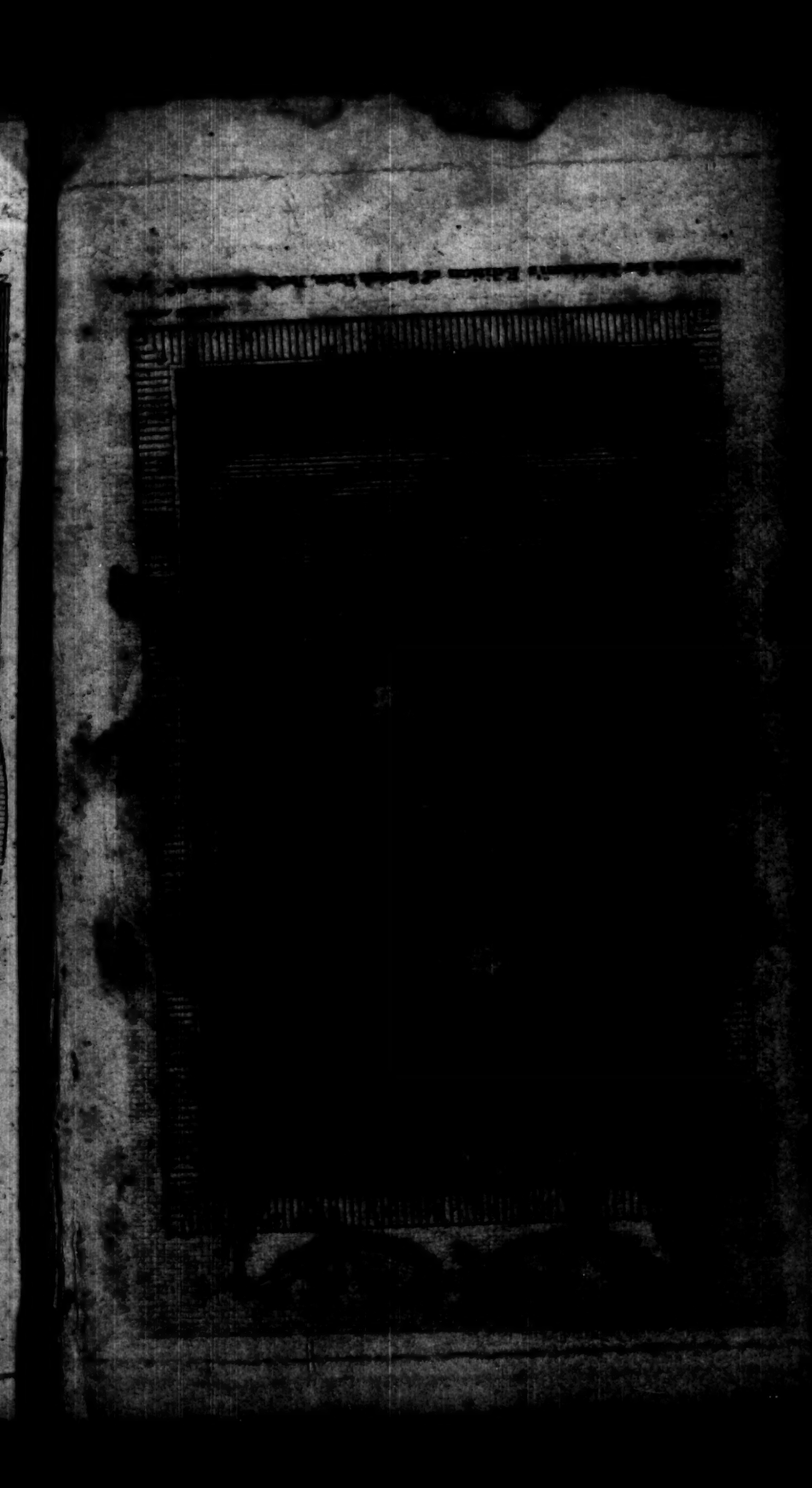

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POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS

BY

R. FERGUSSON.

IN TWO PARTS.

PERTH:

Printed by R. Morison, Junr.

FOR R. MORISON AND SON, BOOKSELLERS; AND SOLD BY J. MURRAY, N° 32, FLEET-STREET, LONDON.

M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS

BY

BRITISH MUSEUM

R. FERGUSSON.

IN TWO PARTS.

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M,DCC,LXXVIII.

MEMOIRS
OF
R. FERGUSSON.

THE Author of these Poems lives now only in the literary world. We would not present them to the Public, did we not think the perusal would give pleasure. Some short account of the life of this juvenile writer, will not, we hope, be deemed unnecessary; for every one wishes to know the character of a man whose productions they admire.

ROBERT FERGUSSON, with whom Scotish Poetry now sleeps, was born at Edinburgh, Sept. 5. 1751, of parents remarkable only for the simplicity of their lives, the honesty of their hearts, and the narrowness of their fortunes. When our Poet became of an age susceptible of education, he was taught its rudiments. After having acquired a proper knowledge of English, he was put to the High School, where he made a quick progress in the Latin language.

The father of our Poet intended him for the Church; and having, by the interest of his friends, and the young gentleman's merit, procured him a bursary, he was sent to the University of St Andrews. Though never over studious, he soon attained to a proficiency in several sciences. His knowledge of Mathematics was such, that he procured the approbation, friendship, and patronage of Dr Wilkie, then a professor of that branch of education. In the second Scotish Eclogue, the Doctor's death is most beautifully and pathetically regretted.

Having finished his studies at the University of St Andrews, he returned to Edinburgh.—His father died soon after, and with him the plan for the education of his son.

Our

Our author then attempted the ſtudy of the law,—a ſtudy the moſt improper for him, and in which he made little or no progreſs; for a genius ſo lively could not ſubmit to the drudgery of that dry and ſedentary profeſſion.

To attempt a character of the works of this youthful bard, would be equally vain as difficult. No colours but his own could paint it to the life; and who in his line of compoſition can even draw the ſketch?—His talent for verſification in the Scots dialect has been exceeded by none,—equalled by few. The ſubjects he choſe were generally uncommon, often temporary. His images and ſentiments were lively and ſtriking, which he had a knack in cloathing with the moſt agreeable and natural expreſſion. Had he enjoyed life and health to a maturer age, it is probable he would have revived our ancient Caledonian poetry, of late ſo much neglected and deſpiſed.—His works are laſting monuments of his genius and vivacity. For ſocial life he poſſeſſed an amazing variety of qualifications. With the beſt good nature, with much modeſty, and the greateſt goodneſs of heart, he was always ſprightly, always entertaining. His powers of ſong were very great in a double capacity. When ſeated with ſome ſelect companions over a bowl, his wit flaſhed like lightning, ſtruck the hearers irreſiſtibly, and *ſet the table in a roar.*—But, alas! theſe engaging, nay, bewitching qualities, proved fatal to their owner, and ſhortened the period of his *rational exiſtence.*—Yet he found favour in the ſight of providence, who was pleaſed ſpeedily to call him from a miſerable ſtate of being to a life of early immortality, on the 16th of October 1774.

Thus died Robert Fergusson, regretted by his friends, and lamented by the lovers of poetry, of wit, and of ſong.

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POEMS
ON
VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

PART I.

PASTORAL I.

MORNING.

DAMON. ALEXIS.

DAMON.

AURORA now her welcome visit pays,
Stern darkness flies before her cheerful rays;
Cool circling breezes whirl along the air,
And early shepherds to the fields repair;
Lead we our flocks, then, to the mountain's brow,
Where junipers and thorny brambles grow;
Where founts of water 'midst the daisies spring,
And soaring larks and tuneful linnets sing;
Your pleasing song shall teach our flocks to stray,
While sounding echoes smoothe the sylvan lay.

Alex. 'Tis thine to sing the graces of the morn,
The zephyr trembling o'er the rip'ning corn;
'Tis thine with ease to chant the rural lay,
While bubbling fountains to your numbers play.

No piping ſwain that treads the verdant field,
But to your muſic and your verſe muſt yield;
Sing then,—for here we may with ſafety keep
Our ſportive lambkins on this moſſy ſteep.

Dam. With ruddy glow the ſun adorns the land,
The pearly dew-drops on the buſhes ſtand;
The lowing oxen from the folds we hear,
And ſnowy flocks upon the hills appear.

Alex. How ſweet the murmurs of the neighb'ring (rill!
Sweet are the ſlumbers which its floods diſtill:
Thro' pebbly channels winding as they run,
And brilliant ſparkling to the riſing ſun.

Dam. Behold Edina's lofty turrets riſe,
Her ſtructures fair adorn the eaſtern ſkies;
As Pentland cliffs o'ertop yon diſtant plain,
So ſhe the cities on our north domain.

Alex. Boaſt not of cities, or their lofty tow'rs,
Where diſcord all her baneful influence pours;
The homely cottage, and the wither'd tree,
With ſweet Content, ſhall be preferr'd by me.

Dam. The hemlock dire ſhall pleaſe the heifer's (taſte,
Our lands like wild ARABIA be waſte;
The bee forget to range for winter's food,
'Ere I forſake the foreſt and the flood.

Alex. Ye balmy breezes! wave the verdant field;
Clouds! all your bounties, all your moiſture yield;
That fruits and herbage may our farms adorn,
And furrow'd ridges teem with loaded corn.

Dam. The year already hath propitious ſmil'd,
Gentle in ſpring-time, and in ſummer mild;

No

No cutting blaſts have hurt my tender dams,
No hoary froſts deſtroy'd my infant lambs.

Alex. If Ceres crown with joy the bounteous year,
A ſacred altar to her ſhrine I'll rear;
A vig'rous ram ſhall bleed, whoſe curling horns,
His woolly neck and hardy front adorns.

Dam. Teach me, O PAN! to tune the ſlender reed,
No fav'rite ram ſhall at thine altars bleed;
Each breathing morn thy woodland verſe I'll ſing,
And hollow dens ſhall with the numbers ring.

Alex. APOLLO, lend me thy celeſtial lyre,
The woods in concert join at thy deſire:
At morn, at noon, at night, I'll tune the lay,
And bid fleet Echo bear the ſound away.

Dam. Sweet are the breezes, when cool eve returns,
To lowing herds, when raging Syrius burns;
Not half ſo ſweetly winds the breeze along,
As does the murmur of your pleaſing ſong.

Alex. To hear your ſtrains the cattle ſpurn their food;
The feather'd ſongſters leave their tender brood;
Around your ſeat the ſilent lambs advance,
And ſcrambling he-goats on the mountains dance.

Dam. But haſte, ALEXIS, reach yon leafy ſhade,
Which mantling ivy round the oaks hath made;
There we'll retire, and liſt the warb'ling note
That flows melodious from the blackbird's throat;
Your eaſy numbers ſhall his ſongs inſpire,
And ev'ry warbler join the gen'ral choir.

PASTORAL II.

NOON.

CORYDON. TIMANTHES.

CORYDON.

THE ſun the ſummit of his orb hath gain'd,
No flecker'd clouds his azure path hath ſtain'd;
Our pregnant ewes around us ceaſe to graze,
Stung with the keenneſs of his ſultry rays;
The weary bullock from the yoke is led,
And youthful ſhepherds from the plains are fled
To duſky ſhades, where ſcarce a glimm'ring ray
Can dart its luſtre thro' the leafy ſpray.
Yon cooling riv'let where the waters gleam,
Where ſpringing flow'rs adorn the limpid ſtream,
Invites us where the drooping willow grows,
To guide our flocks, and take a cool repoſe.

Tim. To thy advice a grateful ear I'll lend,
The ſhades I'll court where ſlender oſiers bend;
Our weanlings young ſhall crop the riſing flow'r,
While we retire to yonder twining bow'r;
The woods ſhall echo back thy cheerful ſtrains,
Admir'd by all our Caledonian ſwains.

Cor. There have I oft with gentle DELIA ſtray'd,
Amidſt th' embow'ring ſolitary ſhade;
Before the gods to thwart my wiſhes ſtrove,
By blaſting ev'ry pleaſing glimpſe of love:

For

For Delia wanders o'er the ANGLIAN plains,
Where civil diſcord and ſedition reigns.
There Scotia's ſons in odious light appear,
Tho' we for them have wav'd the hoſtile ſpear;
For them my ſire, enwrapp'd in curdled gore,
Breath'd his laſt moments on a foreign ſhore.

Tim. Six lunar months, my friend, will ſoon expire,
And ſhe return to crown your fond deſire.
For her O rack not your deſponding mind!
In Delia's breaſt a gen'rous flame's confin'd,
That burns for Corydon, whoſe piping lay
Hath caus'd the tedious moments ſteal away:
Whoſe ſtrains melodious mov'd the falling floods
To whiſper Delia to the riſing woods.
O! if your ſighs could aid the floating gales,
That favourably ſwell their lofty ſails,
Ne'er ſhould your ſobs their rapid flight give o'er
Till Delia's preſence grac'd our northern ſhore.

Cor. Tho' Delia greet my love, I ſigh in vain,
Such joy unbounded can I ne'er obtain.
Her ſire a thouſand fleeces numbers o'er,
And graſſy hills increaſe his milky ſtore;
While the weak fences of a ſcanty fold
Will all my ſheep and fatt'ning lambkins hold.

Tim. Ah, hapleſs youth! although the early muſe
Painted her ſemblance on thy youthful brows;
Tho' ſhe with laurels twin'd thy temples round,
And in thy ear diſtill'd the magic ſound;
A cheerleſs poverty attends thy woes,
Your ſong melodious unrewarded flows.

Cor. Think not, TIMANTHES, that for wealth I pine,
Tho' all the fates to make me poor combine;
TAY bounding o'er his banks with awful ſway,
Bore all my corns and all my flocks away.
Of Jove's dread precepts did I 'ere complain?
'Ere curſe the rapid flood or daſhing rain?
E'en now I ſigh not for my former ſtore,
But wiſh the gods had deſtin'd Delia poor.

Tim. 'Tis joy, my friend, to think I can repay
The loſs you bore by Autumn's rigid ſway.
Yon fertile meadow where the daiſies ſpring
Shall yearly paſture to your heifers bring:
Your flock with mine ſhall on yon mountain feed,
Cheer'd by the warbling of your tuneful reed:
No more ſhall Delia's ever-fretful fire
Againſt your hopes and ardent love conſpire.
Rous'd by her ſmiles you'll tune the happy lay,
While hills reſponſive waft your ſongs away. (crown,

Cor. May plenteous crops your irkſome labour
May hoodwink'd fortune ceaſe her envious frown;
May riches ſtill increaſe with growing years;
Your flocks be numerous as your ſilver hairs.

Tim. But lo! the heat invites us at our eaſe
To court the twining ſhades and cooling breeze;
Our languid joints we'll peaceably recline,
And mid'ſt the flow'rs and op'ning bloſſoms dine.

PASTORAL

PASTORAL III.

NIGHT.

AMYNTAS. FLORELLUS.

AMYNTAS.

WHILE yet grey twilight does his empire hold,
Drive all our heifers to the peaceful fold;
With ſullied wing grim darkneſs ſoars along,
And larks to nightingales reſign the ſong:
The weary ploughman flies the waving fields,
To taſte what fare his humble cottage yields:
As bees that daily thro' the meadows roam:
Feed on the ſweets they have prepar'd at home.

Flor. The graſſy meads that ſmil'd ſerenely gay,
Cheer'd by the ever-burning lamp of day;
In duſky hue attir'd, are cramp'd with colds,
And ſpringing flow'rets ſhut their crimſon folds.

Am. What awful ſilence reigns throughout the ſhade,
The peaceful olive bends his drooping head;
No ſound is heard o'er all the gloomy maze,
Wide o'er the deep the fiery meteors blaze.

Flor. The weſt yet ting'd with SOL'S effulgent ray,
With feeble light illumes our homeward way;
The glowing ſtars with keener luſtre burn,
While round the earth their glowing axles turn.

Am. What mighty power conducts the ſtars on high!
Who bids theſe comets thro' our ſyſtem fly!

Who

Who wafts the lightning to the icy pole!
And thro' our regions bids the thunders roll!

Flor. But say, what mightier pow'r from nought
The earth, the sun, and all that fiery maze (could raise
Of distant stars that gild the azure sky,
And thro' the void in settled orbits fly?

Am. That righteous pow'r before whose heav'nly
The stars are nothing and the planets die; (eye
Whose breath divine supports our mortal frame,
Who made the lion wild and lambkin tame.

Flor. At his command the bounteous spring returns;
Hot summer, raging o'er th' Atlantic, burns;
The yellow autumn crowns our sultry toil;
And winter's snows prepare the cumb'rous soil.

Am. By him the morning darts his purple ray;
To him the birds their early homage pay;
With vocal harmony the meadows ring,
While swains in concert heav'nly praises sing.

Flor. Sway'd by his word, the nutrient dews des-
And growing pastures to the moisture bend; (cend,
The vernal blossoms sip his falling showers;
The meads are garnish'd with his op'ning flowers.

Am. For *man*, the object of his chiefest care,
Fowls he hath form'd to wing the ambient air,
For him the *steer* his lusty neck doth bend;
Fishes for him their scaly fins extend.

Flor. Wide o'er the orient sky the moon appears,
A foe to darkness and his idle fears;
Around her orb the stars in clustres shine,
And distant planets tend her silver shrine.

Am.

Am. Huſh'd are the buſy numbers of the day;
On downy couch they ſleep their hours away;
Hail, balmy Sleep, that ſooths the troubled mind!
Lock'd in thy arms our cares a refuge find.
Oft do you tempt us with deluſive dreams,
When wild'ring Fancy darts her dazzling beams;
Aſleep the lover with his miſtreſs ſtrays
Thro' lonely thickets and untrodden ways.
But when pale Cynthia's ſable empire's fled,
And hov'ring ſlumbers ſhun the morning bed,
Rous'd by the Dawn, he wakes with frequent ſigh,
And all his flattering viſions quickly fly.

Flor. Now *owls* and *bats* infeſt the midnight ſcene,
Dire ſnakes invenom'd twine along the green;
Forſook by man the rivers mourning glide,
And groaning echoes ſwell the noiſy tide,
Straight to our cottage let us bend our way;
My drowſy pow'rs confeſs ſleep's magic ſway.
Eaſy and calm upon our couch we'll lie,
While ſweet reviving ſlumbers round our pillows fly.

THE COMPLAINT.

A PASTORAL.

NEAR the heart of a fair ſpreading grove,
Whoſe foliage ſhaded the green,
A ſhepherd, repining at love,
In anguiſh was heard to complain.

O Cupid! thou wanton young boy!
Since, with thy invisible dart,
Thou hast robb'd a fond youth of his joy,
In return grant the wish of his heart.

Send a shaft so severe from thy bow
(His pining, his sighs to remove),
That STELLA, once wounded, may know
How keen are the arrows of love.

No swain once so happy as I,
Nor tun'd with more pleasure the reed;
My breast never vented a sigh,
Till STELLA approach'd the gay mead.

With mirth, with contentment endow'd,
My hours they flew wantonly by;
I sought no repose in the wood,
Nor from my few sheep would I fly.

Now my reed I have carelessly broke,
Its melody pleases no more;
I pay no regard to a flock
That seldom hath wander'd before.

O STELLA! whose beauty so fair
Excels the bright splendor of day,
Ah! have you no pity to share
With DAMON thus fall'n to decay?

For you have I quitted the plain,
Forſaken my ſheep and my fold;
For you in dull languor and pain,
My tedious moments are told.

For you have my roſes grown pale,
They have faded untimely away;
And will not ſuch beauty bewail
A ſhepherd thus fall'n to decay?

Since your eyes ſtill requite me with ſcorn,
And kill with their mercileſs ray,
Like a ſtar of the dawning of morn,
I fall to their luſtre a prey.

Some ſwain who ſhall mournfully go
To whiſper love's ſigh to the ſhade,
Will hap'ly ſome charity ſhow,
And under the turf ſee me laid.

Would my love but in pity appear
On the ſpot where he moulds my cold grave,
And bedew the green ſod with a tear,
'Tis all the remembrance I crave.

To the ſwaird then his viſage he turn'd;
'Twas wan as the lilies in May;
Fair STELLA *may ſee him inurn'd,*
He hath ſigh'd all his ſorrows away.

The

THE DECAY OF FRIENDSHIP.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

WHEN gold, man's ſacred deity, did ſmile,
My friends were plenty, and my ſorrows few;
Mirth, love, and bumpers did my hours beguile,
And arrow'd Cupids round my ſlumbers flew.

What ſhepherd then could boaſt more happy days?
My lot was envied by each humbler ſwain;
Each bard in ſmooth eulogium ſung my praiſe,
And DAMON liſten'd to the guileful ſtrain.

FLATTERY, alluring as the Syren's lay,
And as deceitful thy inchanting tongue,
How have you taught my wav'ring mind to ſtray,
Charm'd and attracted by the baneful ſong?

My pleaſant cottage, ſhelter'd from the gale,
Aroſe with moſs, and rural ivy bound;
And ſcarce a flow'ret in my lowly vale,
But was with bees of various colours crown'd.

Free o'er my lands the neighb'ring flocks could roam;
How welcome were the ſwains and flocks to me!
The ſhepherds kindly were invited home,
To chace the hours in merriment and glee.

To wake emotions in the youthful mind,
  Strephon with voice melodious tun'd the ſong;
Each ſylvan youth the ſounding chorus join'd,
  Fraught with contentment 'midſt the feſtive throng.

My cluſt'ring grape compens'd their magic ſkill,
  The bowl capacious ſwell'd in purple tide;
To ſhepherds, lib'ral as the chryſtal rill,
  Spontaneous gurgling from the mountain's ſide.

But ah! theſe youthful ſportive hours are fled;
  Theſe ſcenes of jocund mirth are now no more;
No healing ſlumbers 'tend my humble bed,
  No friends condole the ſorrows of the poor.

And what avail the thoughts of former joy?
  What comfort bring they in the adverſe hour?
Can they the canker-worm of care deſtroy,
  Or brighten fortune's diſcontented lour?

He who hath long travers'd the fertile plain,
  Where Nature in its faireſt veſture ſmil'd,
Will he not cheerleſs view the fairy ſcene,
  When lonely wand'ring o'er the barren wild?

For now pale Poverty, with haggard eye
  And rueful aſpect, darts her gloomy ray;
My wonted gueſts their proffer'd aid deny,
  And from the paths of DAMON ſteal away.

Thus when fair Summer's luſtre gilds the lawn,
When rip'ning bloſſoms deck the ſpreading tree,
The birds with melody ſalute the dawn,
And o'er the daiſy hangs the humming-bee.

But when the beauties of the circling year
In chilling froſts and furious ſtorms decay;
No more the bees upon the plains appear,
No more the warblers hail the infant day.

To the lone corner of ſome diſtant ſhore,
In dreary devious pilgrimage I'll fly,
And wander penſive where Deceit no more
Shall trace my footſteps with a mortal eye.

There ſolitary ſaunter o'er the beach,
And to the murm'ring ſurge my griefs diſcloſe;
There ſhall my voice in plaintive wailings teach
The hollow caverns to reſound my woes.

Sweet are the waters to the parched tongue;
Sweet are the bloſſoms to the wanton bee;
Sweet to the ſhepherd ſounds the lark's ſhrill ſong;
But ſweeter far is SOLITUDE to me.

Adieu, ye fields, where I have fondly ſtray'd!
Ye ſwains, who once the fav'rite DAMON knew!
Farewell, ye ſharers of my bounty's aid!
Ye ſons of baſe Ingratitude, adieu!

Again

Againſt Repining at FORTUNE.

THO' in my narrow bounds of rural toil,
No *obeliſk* or ſplendid column riſe;
Tho' partial Fortune ſtill averts her ſmile,
And views my labours with condemning eyes;

Yet all the gorgeous vanity of ſtate
I can contemplate with a cool diſdain;
Nor ſhall the honours of the gay and great
E'er wound my boſom with an envious pain.

Avails it aught the grandeur of their halls,
With all the glories of the *pencil* hung,
If Truth, fair Truth! within th' unhallow'd walls,
Hath never whiſper'd with her *ſeraph* tongue?

Avails it aught, if muſic's gentle lay
Hath oft been echo'd by the ſounding dome;
If *muſic* cannot ſoothe their griefs away,
Or change a wretched to a happy home?

Tho' Fortune ſhould inveſt them with her ſpoils,
And baniſh *poverty* with look ſevere,
Enlarge their confines, and decreaſe their toils,
Ah! what avails if ſhe increaſe their care?

Tho' fickle ſhe diſclaim my moſs-grown cot,
Nature! thou look'ſt with more impartial eyes:
Smile thou, fair goddeſs! on my ſober lot;
I'll neither fear her fall, nor court her riſe.

When early larks shall cease the *matin* song:
When Philomel at night resighs her lay;
When melting numbers to the owl belong,
Then shall the *reed* be silent in thy praise.

Can he, who with the tide of Fortune sails,
More pleasure from the sweets of *Nature* share?
Do zephyrs waft him more ambrosial gales,
Or do his groves a gayer liv'ry wear?

To me the heav'ns unveil as pure a sky;
To me the flow'rs as rich a bloom disclose;
The morning beams as radiant to my eye,
And darkness guides me to as sweet repose.

If Luxury their lavish dainties piles,
And still attends upon their fated hours,
Doth Health reward them with her open smiles,
Or Exercise enlarge their feeble pow'rs?

'Tis not in richest mines of Indian gold,
That man this jewel *happiness* can find,
If his unfeeling breast, to *virtue* cold,
Denies her entrance to his ruthless mind.

Wealth, pomp, and honour are but gaudy toys;
Alas, how poor the pleasures they impart!
Virtue's the sacred source of all the joys
That claim a lasting mansion in the heart.

CONSCIENCE.

CONSCIENCE. *An* ELEGY.

——Leave her to Heav'n,
And to the thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her. SHAKES.

NO choiring warblers flutter in the ſky;
Phœbus no longer holds his radiant ſway;
While Nature, with a melancholy eye,
Bemoans the loſs of his departed ray.

O happy he, whoſe conſcience knows no guile!
He to the ſable night can bid farewell;
From cheerleſs objects cloſe his eyes awhile,
Within the ſilken folds of ſleep to dwell.

Elyſian dreams ſhall hover round his bed,
His ſoul ſhall wing, on pleaſing fancies borne,
To ſhining vales where flow'rets lift their head,
Wak'd by the breathing zephyrs of the morn.

But wretched he whoſe foul reproachful deeds
Can thro' an angry conſcience wound his reſt;
His eye too oft the balmy comfort needs,
Tho' Slumber ſeldom knows him as her gueſt.

To calm the raging tumults of his ſoul,
If wearied Nature ſhould an hour demand,
Around his bed the ſheeted ſpectres howl,
Red with revenge the grinning furies ſtand.

Nor ſtate nor grandeur can his pain allay;
Where ſhall he find a requiem to his woes?
Pow'r cannot chace the frightful gloom away,
Nor muſic lull him to a kind repoſe.

Where is the king that Conſcience fears to chide?
Conſcience, that candid judge of right and wrong,
Will o'er the ſecrets of each heart preſide,
Nor aw'd by pomp, nor tam'd by ſoothing ſong.

DAMON TO HIS FRIENDS.

THE billows of life are ſuppreſt,
Its tumults, its toils diſappear,
To relinquiſh the ſtorms that are paſt,
I think on the ſunſhine that's near.

Dame Fortune and I are agreed;
Her frowns I no longer endure;
For the goddeſs has kindly decreed,
That Damon no more ſhall be poor.

Now riches will ope the dim eyes,
To view the increaſe of my ſtore;
And many my friendſhip will priſe
Who never knew Damon before.

But thoſe I renounce and abjure,
  Who carried contempt in their eye;
May poverty ſtill be their dow'r,
  That could look on misfortune awry!

Ye pow'rs that weak mortals govern,
  Keep pride at his bay from my mind;
O let me not haughtily learn
  To deſpiſe the few friends that were kind.

For theirs was a feeling ſincere,
  'Twas free from deluſion and art;
O may I that friendſhip revere,
  And hold it yet dear to my heart!

By which was I ever forgot?
  It was both my phyſician and cure,
That ſtill found the way to my cot,
  Altho' I was wretched and poor:

'Twas balm to my canker-tooth'd care;
  The wound of affliction it heal'd:
In diſtreſs it was Pity's ſoft tear,
  And naked cold Poverty's ſhield.

Attend, ye kind youth of the plain!
  Who oft with my ſorrows condol'd;
You cannot be deaf to the ſtrain,
  Since Damon is maſter of gold.

I have chose a sweet sylvan retreat,
Bedeck'd with the beauties of spring;
Around my flocks nibble and bleat,
While the musical choristers sing.

I force not the waters to stand
In an artful canal at my door,
But a river, at Nature's command,
Meanders both limpid and pure.

She's the goddess that darkens my bow'rs
With tendrils of ivy and vine;
She tutors my shrubs and my flow'rs,
Her taste is the standard of mine.

What a pleasing diversified groupe
Of trees has she spread o'er my ground!
She has taught the grave *laryx* to droop,
And the birch to deal odours around.

For whom has she perfum'd my groves?
For whom has she cluster'd my vine?
If friendship despise my alcoves,
They'll ne'er be receesses of mine.

He who tastes his grape juices by stealth,
Without chosen companions to share,
Is the basest of slaves to his wealth,
And the pitiful minion of care.

O come,

O come, and with Damon retire
Amidſt the green umbrage embower'd;
Your mirth and your ſongs to inſpire,
Shall the juice of his vintage be pour'd!

O come, ye dear friends of his youth!
Of all his good fortune partake;
Nor think 'tis departing from truth,
To ſay 'twas preſerv'd for your ſake.

RETIREMENT.

COME, Inſpiration, from thy vernal bow'r,
To thy celeſtial voice attune the lyre;
Smooth gliding ſtrains in ſweet profuſion pour,
And aid my numbers with ſeraphic fire.

Under a lonely ſpreading oak I lay,
My head upon the daiſied green reclin'd,
The ev'ning ſun beam'd forth his parting ray,
The foliage bended to the hollow wind.

There gentle ſleep my acting pow'rs ſuppreſt,
The city's diſtant hum was heard no more;
Yet Fancy ſuffer'd not the mind to reſt,
Ever obedient to her wakeful pow'r.

She led me near a chryſtal fountain's noiſe,
Where undulating waters ſportive play;
Where a young comely ſwain, with pleaſing voice,
In tender accents ſung his ſylvan lay.

"Adieu, ye baneful pleaſures of the town!
"Farewell, ye giddy and unthinking throng!
"Without regret your foibles I diſown;
"Themes more exalted claim the Muſe's ſong.

"Your ſtony hearts no ſocial feelings ſhare;
"Your ſouls of diſtant ſorrow's ne'er partake;
"Ne'er do you liſten to the needy pray'r,
"Nor drop a tear for tender pity's ſake.

"Welcome, ye fields, ye fountains, and ye groves!
"Ye flow'ry meadows, and extenſive plains!
"Where ſoaring warblers pour their plaintive loves,
"Each landſcape, cheering with their vocal ſtrains.

"Here rural Beauty rears her pleaſing ſhrine;
"She on the margin of each ſtreamlet glows;
"Where, with the blooming hawthorn roſes twine,
"And the fair lily of the valley growe.

"Here Chaſtity may wander unaſſail'd
"Thro' fields where gay ſeducers ceaſe to rove;
"Where open Vice o'er Virtue near prevail'd;
"Where all is innocence, and all is love.

"Peace

"Peace with her olive wand triumphant reigns,
"Guarding ſecure the peaſant's humble bed;
"Envy is baniſh'd from the happy plains,
"And Defamation's buſy tongue is laid.

"Health and Contentment uſher in the morn,
"With jocund ſmiles they cheer the rural ſwain,
"For which the Peer, to pompous titles born,
"Forſaken ſighs, but all his ſighs are vain.

"For the calm comforts of an eaſy mind,
"In yonder lonely cot delight to dwell,
"And leave the ſtateſmen for the lab'ring hind,
"The regal palace for the lowly cell.

"Ye, who to Wiſdom would devote your hours,
"And far from riot, far from diſcord ſtray!
"Look back diſdainful on the city's tow'rs,
"Where Pride, where Folly point the ſlipp'ry way.

"Pure flows the limpid ſtream in chryſtal tides,
"Thro' rocks, thro' dens, and ever verdant vales,
"Till to the town's unhallow'd wall it glides,
"Where all its purity and luſtre fails."

ODE TO HOPE.

HOPE! lively cheerer of the mind,
In lieu of real bliſs deſign'd,

Come

Come from thy ever verdant bow'r
To chace the dull and ling'ring hour;
O! bring, attending on thy reign,
All thy ideal fairy train,
To animate the lifeleſs clay,
And bear my ſorrows hence away.

Hence gloomy featur'd black Deſpair,
With all thy frantic furies fly,
Nor rend my breaſt with gnawing care,
For Hope in lively garb is nigh;

Let pining Diſcontentment mourn,
Let dull ey'd Melancholy grieve,
Since pleaſing hope muſt reign by turn,
And ev'ry bitter thought relieve.

O ſmiling hope in adverſe hour,
I feel thy influencing pow'r:
Tho' frowning Fortune fix my lot,
In ſome defenceleſs lonely cot,
Where Poverty, with empty hands,
In pallid meagre aſpect ſtands;
Thou can'ſt enrobe me, 'midſt the great,
With all the crimſon pomp of ſtate,
Where Luxury invites his gueſts
To pall them with his laviſh feaſts:
What cave ſo dark, what gloom ſo drear,
So black with horror, dead with fear!
But thou can'ſt dart thy ſtreaming ray,
And change cloſe night to open day.

Health

Health is attendant in thy radiant train,
Round her the whisp'ring zephyrs gently play,
Behold her gladly tripping o'er the plain,
Bedeck'd with rural sweets and garlands gay.

When vital spirits are depress'd,
And heavy langour clogs the breast,
Comforting hope! 'tis thine to cure,
Devoid of Esculapian power;
For oft thy friendly aid avails,
When all the strength of physic fails.

Nay, even tho' death should aim his dart,
I know he lifts his arm in vain,
Since thou this lesson can'st impart,
Mankind but die to live again.

Depriv'd of thee must banners fall;
But where a living Hope is found,
The legions shout at danger's call,
And vict'ries are triumphant crown'd.

Come then, Bright Hope! in smiles array'd,
Revive us by thy quick'ning breath,
Then shall we never be afraid
To walk thro' danger and thro' death,

THE RIVERS OF SCOTLAND.

AN ODE.

Set to Muſic by Mr COLLETT.

O'ER SCOTIA's parched land the NAIAD's flew,
From towering hills explor'd her ſhelter'd vales,
Caus'd Forth in wild meanders pleaſe the view,
And lift her waters to the zephyrs gales.

Where the glad ſwain ſurveys his fertile fields,
And reaps the plenty which his harveſt yields.

Here did theſe lovely nymphs unſeen,
Oft wander by the river's ſide,
And oft unbind their treſſes green,
To bathe them in the fluid tide.

Then to the ſhady grottos would retire,
And ſweetly echo to the warbling choir;

Or to the ruſhing waters tune their ſhells,
To call up the echo from the woods,
Or from the rocks or cryſtal floods,
Or from ſurrounding banks, or hills, or dales.

CHORUS.

Or to the ruſhing waters tune their ſhells,
To call up echo from the woods,
Or from the rocks or cryſtal floods,
Or from ſurrounding banks, or hills, or dales.

When

When the cool fountains firſt their ſprings forſook,
  Murmuring ſmoothly to the azure main,
Exulting *Neptune* then his trident ſhook,
  And wav'd his waters gently to the plain.

The friendly Tritons on his chariot born,
With cheeks dilated blew the hollow-ſounding horn.

Now *Lothian* and *Fifan* ſhores,
  Reſounding to the mermaid's ſong,
Gladly emit their limpid ſtores,
  And bid them ſmoothly ſail along

To Neptune's empire, and with him to roll
Round the revolving ſphere from pole to pole;

To guard *Britannia* from envious foes,
  To view her angry vengeance hurl'd
  In awful thunder round the world,
And trembling nations bending to her blows.

CHORUS.

To guard Britannia from envious foes,
  To view her angry vengeance hurl'd,
  In awful thunder round the world,
And trembling nations bending to her blows.

High towering on the zephyr's breezy wing,
  Swift fly the *Naiads* from FORTHA's ſhores,
And to the ſouthern airy mountains bring
  Their ſweet enchantment and their magic powers.

Each nymph her favourite willow takes,
The earth with fev'rous tremour ſhakes,
The ſtagnant lakes obey their call,
Streams o'er the graſſy paſtures fall.

TWEED ſpreads her waters to the lucid ray,
Upon the dimpled ſurf the ſun-beams play:

On her green banks the tuneful ſhepherd lies,
Charm'd with the muſic of his reed,
Amidſt the wavings of the Tweed:
From ſky-reflecting ſtreams the river nymphs ariſe.

CHORUS.

On her green banks the tuneful ſhepherd lies,
Charm'd with the muſic of his reed,
Amidſt the wavings of the Tweed:
From ſky-reflecting ſtreams the river nymphs ariſe.

The liſt'ning muſes heard the ſhepherds play,
Fame with her brazen trump proclaim'd his name,
And to attend the eaſy graceful lay,
PAN from *Arcadia* to Tweda came.
Fond of the change, along the banks he ſtray'd,
And ſung unmindful of th' Arcadian ſhade.

AIR, TWEEDSIDE.

I.

Attend every fanciful ſwain,
Whoſe notes ſoftly flow from the reed,
With harmony guide the ſweet ſtrain,
To ſing of the beauties of Tweed.

Where

II.

Where the muſic of woods and of ſtreams,
In ſoothing ſweet melody join,
To enliven your paſtoral themes,
And make human numbers divine.

CHORUS.

Ye warblers from the vocal grove,
The tender woodland ſtrain approve,
While Tweed in ſmoother cadence glides,
O'er flow'ry vales in gentle tides;
And as ſhe rolls her ſilver waves along,
Murmurs and ſighs to quit the rural ſong.
SCOTIA's great GENIUS in *ruſſet* clad,
From the cool ſedgy bank exalts her head,
In joyful rapture ſhe the change eſpies,
Sees living ſtreams deſcend and groves ariſe.

AIR, GILDEROY.

I.

As ſable clouds at early day
Oft dim the ſhining ſkies,
So gloomy thoughts create diſmay,
And luſtre leaves her eyes.

II.

"Ye powers! are Scotia's ample fields
"With ſo much beauty grac'd,
"To have thoſe ſweets your bounty yields
"By foreign foes defac'd?

III.

"O Jove! at whoſe ſupreme command
"The limpid fountains play,

O'er

" O'er *Caledonia*'s northern land
" Let reſtleſs waters ſtray.

IV.

" Since from the void creation roſe,
" Thou'ſt made a ſacred vow,
" That *Caledon* to foreign foes
" Should ne'er be known to bow."

The mighty Thund'rer on his ſapphire throne,
In mercy's robes attir'd, heard the ſweet voice
Of female woe—ſoft as the moving ſong
Of Philomela 'midſt the evening ſhades;
And thus return'd an anſwer to her pray'rs:

" Where birks at nature's call ariſe;
" Where fragrance hails the vaulted ſkies;
" Where my own oak its umbrage ſpreads,
" Delightful 'midſt the woody ſhades;
" Where ivy mould'ring rocks entwines;
" Where breezes bend the lofty pines:
" There ſhall the laughing NAIADS ſtray,
" 'Midſt the ſweet banks of winding Tay."

From the dark womb of earth Tay's waters ſpring,
Ordain'd by Jove's unalterable voice;
The ſounding lyre celeſtial muſes ſtring,
The Choiring ſongſters in the groves rejoice.

Each fount its cryſtal fluids pours,
Which from ſurrounding mountains flow;

The

The river bathes its verdant ſhores,
Cool o'er the ſurf the breezes blow.

Let England's ſons extoll their gardens fair,
Scotland may freely boaſt her gen'rous ſtreams,
Their ſoil more fertile and their milder air,
Her fiſhes ſporting in the ſolar beams.

Thames, Humber, Severn, all muſt yield the bay
To the pure ſtreams of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.

CHORUS.

Thames, Humber, Severn, all muſt yield the bay
To the pure ſtreams of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.

O Scotia! when ſuch beauty claims
A manſion near thy flowing ſtreams,
Ne'er ſhall ſtern Mars, in iron car,
Drive his proud coarſers to the war:
But fairy forms ſhall ſtrew around
Their olives on the peaceful ground;
And turtles join the warbling throng,
To uſher in the morning ſong.
Or ſhout in chorus all the live-long day,
From the green banks of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.

When gentle Phœbe's friendly light
In ſilver radiance clothes the night;
Still muſic's ever varying ſtrains
Shall tell the lovers, Cynthia reigns;

And

And woo them to her midnight bowers,
Among the fragrant dew-clad flowers,
Where ev'ry rock, and hill, and dale,
With echoes greet the nightingale,
Whoſe pleaſing, ſoft, pathetic tongue,
To kind condolance turns the ſong;

And oft wins the love-ſick ſwain to ſtray
To hear the tender variegated lay,
Thro' the dark woods of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.

Hail, native ſtreams, and native groves!
Oozy caverns, green alcoves!
Retreats for Cytherea's reign,
With all the Graces in her train.
Hail, Fancy, thou whoſe ray ſo bright
Diſpels the glimm'ring taper's light!
Come in an aerial veſture blue,
Ever pleaſing, ever new,
In theſe receſſes deign to dwell
With me in yonder moſs-clad cell:

Then ſhall my reed ſucceſsful tune the lay,
In numbers wildly warbling as they ſtray
Thro' the glad banks of Fortha, Tweed, and Tay.

THE

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY CONTRASTED.

IN AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

FROM noiſy buſtle, from contention free,
Far from the buſy town I careleſs loll,
Not like ſwain *Tityrus*, or the bards of old,
Under a beechen, venerable ſhade;
But on a furzy heath, where blooming broom
And thorny whins the ſpacious plains adorn:
Here health ſits ſmiling on my youthful brow;
For 'ere the ſun beams forth his earlieſt ray,
And all the eaſt with yellow radiance crowns;
E'er dame Aurora, from her purple bed,
'Gins with her kindling bluſh to paint the ſky,
The ſoaring lark, morn's cheerful harbinger,
And linnet joyful flutt'ring from the buſh,
Stretch their ſmall throats in vocal melody,
To hail the dawn, and drowſy ſleep exhale
From man, frail man! on downy ſoftneſs ſtretch'd.
Such pleaſing ſcenes *Edina* cannot boaſt;
For there the ſlothful ſlumber ſeal'd mine eyes,
Till nine ſucceſſive ſtrokes the clock had knell'd.
There not the lark, but fiſhwives noiſy ſcreams,
And inundations plung'd from ten houſe height,
With ſmell more fragrant than the ſpicy groves
Of *Indus*, fraught with all her orient ſtores,
Rous'd me from ſleep; not ſweet refreſhing ſleep,
But ſleep infeſted with the burning ſting

Of

Of *bug* infernal, who the live-long night
With direſt ſuction ſipp'd my liquid gore.
There gloomy vapours in our zenith reign'd,
And fill'd with irkſome peſtilence the air.
There ling'ring ſickneſs held his feeble court,
Rejoicing in the havock he had made;
And Death, grim Death! with all his ghaſtly train,
Watch'd the broke ſlumbers of Edina's ſons.

Hail, roſy health! thou pleaſing antidote
'Gainſt troubling cares! all hail, theſe rural fields,
Thoſe winding rivulets and verdant ſhades,
Where thou the heav'n-born Goddeſs deign'ſt to dwell!
With thee the hind, upon his ſimple fare,
Lives cheerful, and from Heav'n no more demands.
But ah! how vaſt, how terrible the change
With him who night by night in ſickneſs pines!
Him nor his ſplendid equipage can pleaſe,
Nor all the pageantry the world can boaſt;
Nay, not the conſolation of his friends
Can aught avail: his hours are anguiſh all,
Nor ceaſe till envious death hath clos'd the ſcene.

But, *Carlos*, if we court this maid celeſtial,
Whether we thro' meand'ring rivers ſtray,
Or 'midſt the city's jarring noiſe remain,
Let temperance, health's blyth concomitant,
To our deſires and appetites ſet bounds,
Elſe, cloy'd at laſt, we ſurfeit every joy;
Our ſlack'ned nerves reject their wonted ſpring;
We reap the fruits of our unkindly luſts,
And feebly totter to the ſilent grave.

ODE

ODE TO PITY.

TO what ſequeſter'd gloomy ſhade
Hath ever gentle Pity ſtray'd?
What brook is water'd from her eyes?
What gales convey her tender ſighs?
Unworthy of her grateful lay,
She hath deſpis'd the great, the gay
Nay, all the feelings ſhe imparts
Are far eſtrang'd from human hearts.

Ah Pity! whither wouldſt thou fly
From human heart, from human eye?
Are deſart woods and twilight groves
The ſcenes the ſobbing pilgrim loves?
If there thou dwell'ſt, O Pity, ſay
In what lone path you penſive ſtray,
I'll know thee by the lily's hue,
Beſprinkl'd with the morning's dew:
For thou wilt never bluſh to wear
The pallid look and falling tear.

In broken cadence from thy tongue,
Oft have we heard the mournful ſong;
Oft have we view'd the loaded bier
Bedew'd with Pity's ſofteſt tear.
Her ſigh's and tears were ne'er deny'd
When innocence and virtue died.
But in this black and iron age,
Where Vice and all his dæmons rage,
Tho' bells in ſolemn peals are rung,
Tho' dirge in mournful verſe is ſung;

Soon

Soon will the vain parade be o'er,
Their name, their memory no more:
Who love and innocence deſpis'd,
And ev'ry virtue ſacrifie'd.
Here Pity, as a ſtatue dumb,
Will pay no tribute to the tomb;
Or wake the memory of thoſe
Who never felt for others woes.
Thou miſtreſs of the feeling heart!
Thy pow'rs of ſympathy impart.
If mortals would but fondly prize
Thy falling tears, thy paſſing ſighs,
Then ſhould wan poverty no more
Walk feebly from the rich man's door;
Humility ſhould vanquiſh pride,
And vice be drove from virtue's ſide:
Then happineſs at length ſhould reign,
And golden age begin again.

ON THE COLD MONTH OF APRIL 1771.

Oh! who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the froſty *Caucaſus*;
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feaſt;
Or wallow naked in *December*'s ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtic ſummer's heat.

SHAKES. RICH. II.

POETS in vain have hail'd the op'ning ſpring,
In tender accents woo'd the blooming maid,

In

In vain have taught the April birds to wing
Their flight thro' fields in verdant hue array'd.

The muſe in ev'ry ſeaſon taught to ſing
Amidſt the deſart ſnows by fancy's powers,
Can elevated ſoar, on placid wing,
To climes where ſpring her kindeſt influence ſhowers.

April, once famous for the zephyr mild,
For ſweets that early in the garden grow,
Say, how converted to this cheerleſs wild,
Ruſhing with torrents of diſſolving ſnow.

Nurs'd by the moiſture of a gentle ſhower,
Thy foliage oft hath ſounded to the breeze;
Oft did the choriſters melodious pour
Their melting numbers thro' the ſhady trees.

Fair have I ſeen thy morn, in ſmiles array'd,
With crimſon bluſh bepaint the eaſtern ſky;
But now the dawn creeps mournful o'er the glade,
Shrowded in colours of a ſable dye.

So have I ſeen the fair with laughing eye,
And viſage cheerful as the ſm'ling morn,
Alternate changing for the heaving ſigh,
Or frowning aſpect of contemptuous ſcorn.

Life! What art thou?—a variegated ſcene
Of mingl'd light and ſhade, of joy and woe;

A ſea where calms and ſtorms promiſcuous reign,
A ſtream where ſweet and bitter jointly flow.

Mute are the plains; the ſhepherd pipes no more;
The reed's forſaken, and the tender flock,
While echo, liſtening to the tempeſt's roar,
In ſilence wanders o'er the beetling rock.

Winter, too potent for the ſolar ray,
Beſtride the blaſt, aſcends his icy throne,
And views BRITANNIA, ſubject to his ſway,
Floating emergent on the frigid zone.

Thou ſavage tyrant of the fretful ſky!
Wilt thou for ever in our zenith reign?
To Greenland's ſeas, congeal'd in chillneſs, fly,
Where howling monſters tread the bleak domain.

Relent, O Boreas! leave thy frozen cell;
Reſign to ſpring her portion of the year;
Let weſt winds temp'rate wave the flowing gale,
And hills, and vales, and woods a vernal aſpect wear.

THE SIMILE.

AT noontide as *Colin* and *Sylvia* lay
Within a cool jeſſamine bow'r,
A *butterfly*, wak'd by the heat of the day,
Was ſipping the juice of each flow'r.

Near

Near the ſhade of this covert a young ſhepherd boy
The gaudy briſk flutterer ſpies,
Who held it as paſtime to ſeek and deſtroy
Each beautiful inſect that flies.

From the lily he hunted this fly to the roſe,
From the roſe to the lily again,
Till weary with tracing its motions, he choſe
To leave the purſuit with diſdain.

Then *Colin* to *Sylvia* ſmilingly ſaid,
Amyntor has follow'd you long;
From him, like the butterfly, ſtill have you fled,
Tho' woo'd by his muſical tongue.

Beware in perſiſting to ſtart from his arms,
But with his fond wiſhes comply;
Come, take my advice; or he's pall'd with your charms,
Like the youth and the beautiful fly.

Says *Sylvia*,—*Colin*, thy ſmile's juſt,
But ſtill to *Amyntor* I'm coy;
For I vow ſhe's a ſimpleton blind that would truſt
A ſwain, when he courts to deſtroy.

THE BUGS.

THOU ſource of ſong ſublime! thou chiefeſt Muſe!
Whoſe ſacred fountain of immortal fame

Bedew'd the flow'rets cull'd for HOMER'S brow
When he on Grecian plains the battles ſung
Of frogs and mice: Do thou, thro' Fancy's maze
Of ſportive paſtime, lead a lowly Muſe
Her rites to join, while, with a fault'ring voice,
She ſings of reptiles yet in ſong unknown.
Nor you, ye bards! who oft have ſtruck the lyre,
And tun'd it to the movement of the ſpheres
In harmony divine, reproach the lays,
Which, tho' they wind not thro' the ſtarry hoſt
Of bright creation, or on earth delight
To hunt the murm'ring cadence of the floods,
Thro' ſcenes where Nature, with a hand profuſe,
Hath laviſh ſtrew'd her gems of precious dye;
Yet, in the ſmall exiſtence of a gnat,
Or tiny bug, doth ſhe, with equal ſkill,
If not tranſcending, ſtamp her wonders there,
Only diſclos'd to microſcopic eye.
Of old the DRYADS near Edina's walls
Their manſions rear'd, and groves unnumber'd roſe
Of branching oak, ſpread beech, and lofty pine,
Under whoſe ſhade, to ſhun the noontide blaze,
Did Pan reſort, with all his rural train
Of ſhepherds and of nymphs.—The DRYADS pleas'd
Would hail their ſports, and ſummon Echo's voice
To ſend her greetings thro' the waving woods;
But the rude ax, long brandiſh'd by the hand
Of daring innovation, ſhav'd the lawns;
Then not a thicket or a copſe remain'd
To ſigh in concert with the breeze of eve.

Edina's

Edina's mansions with lignarian art
Were pil'd and fronted.—Like an ARK she seem'd
To lie on mountain's top, with shapes replete,
Clean and unclean, that daily wander o'er
Her streets, that once were spacious, once were gay.
To Jove the Dryads pray'd, nor pray'd in vain,
For vengeance on her sons.—At midnight drear
Black show'rs descend, and teeming myriads rise
Of BUGS abhorrent, who by instinct steal
Thro' the diseased and corrosive pores
Of sapless trees, that late in forest stood
With all the majesty of summer crown'd.

By Jove's command dispers'd, they wander wide
O'er all the city.—Some their cells prepare
'Midst the rich trappings and the gay attire
Of state luxuriant, and are fond to press
The waving canopy's depending folds;
While others, destin'd to an humbler fate,
Seek shelter from the dwellings of the poor,
Plying their nightly suction to the bed
Of toil'd *mechanic*, who, with folded arms,
Enjoys the comforts of a sleep so sound,
That not th' alarming sting of glutting Bug
To murd'rous deed can rouse his brawny arm
Upon the blood-swoln fiend, who basely steals
Life's genial current from his throbbing veins.

Happy were GRANDEUR, could she triumph here,
And banish from her halls each misery,
Which she must brook in common with the poor,
Who beg subsistence from her sparing hands;

Then might the rich, to fell diſeaſe unknown,
Indulge in fond exceſs, nor ever feel
The ſlowly creeping hours of reſtleſs night,
When ſhook with guilty horrors—But the WIND,
Whoſe fretful guſts of anger ſhake the world,
Bear more deſtructive on th' aſpiring roofs
Of dome and palace, than on cottage low,
That meets ÆOLUS with his gentler breath,
When ſafely ſhelter'd in the peaceful vale.

Is there a being breathes, howe'er ſo vile,
Too pitiful for Envy?—She, with venom'd tooth
And grinning madneſs, frowns upon the bliſs
Of ev'ry ſpecies.—From the human form
That ſpurns the earth, and bends his mental eye
Thro' the profundity of ſpace unknown,
Down to the crawling Bug's deteſted race.

Thus the lover pines, that reptile rude
Should 'midſt the lilies of fair CHLOE's breaſt
Implant the deep carnation, and enjoy
Thoſe ſweets which angel modeſty hath ſear'd
From eyes profane—Yet murmur not, ye few
Who gladly would be Bugs for CHLOE's ſake!
For ſoon, alas! the fluctuating gales
Of earthly joy invert the happy ſcene;
The breath of Spring may, with her balmy pow'r,
And warmth diffuſive, give to Nature's face
Her brighteſt colours—But how ſhort the ſpace!
Till angry EURUS, from his petrid cave,
Deform the ye'ar, and all theſe ſweets annoy.

Ev'n ſo befals it to this creeping race,

This

This envy'd commonwealth—For they a while
On CHLOE's boſom, alabaſter fair,
May ſteal ambroſial bliſs—or may regale
On the rich *viandt* of luxurious blood,
Delighted and ſuffic'd. But mark the end:
Lo! WHITSUNTIDE appears with gloomy train
Of growing deſolation —Firſt, *Upholſterer* rude
Removes the waving drapery, where, for years,
A thriving colony of old and young
Had hid their numbers from the prying day;
Anon they fall, and gladly would retire
To ſafer ambuſh, but his merc'leſs foot,
Ah, cruel preſſure! cracks their vital ſprings,
And with their deep dy'd ſcarlet ſmears the floor.
Sweet pow'rs! has pity in the female breaſt
No tender reſidence—no lov'd abode,
To urge from murd'rous deed th' avenging hand
Of angry houſe-maid?—She'll have blood for blood!
For lo! the boiling ſtreams from copper tube,
Hot as her rage, ſweep myriads to death.
Their carcaſes are deſtin'd to the urn
Of ſome chaſte Naiad, that gives birth to floods,
Whoſe fragrant virtues hail Edina, fam'd
For yellow limpid—whoſe chaſte name the Muſe
Thinks too exalted to retail in ſong.
Ah me! No longer they at midnight ſhade,
With baneful ſting, ſhall ſeek the downy couch
Of ſlumb'ring mortals.—Nor ſhall love-ſick ſwain,
When, by the bubbling brook, in fairy dream,
His nymph, but half reluctant to his wiſh,

Is gently folded in his eager arms,
E'er curſe the ſhaft envenom'd, that diſturbs
His long lov'd fancies.—Nor ſhall hungry bard,
Whoſe ſtrong imagination, whetted keen,
Conveys him to the feaſt, be tantaliz'd
With pois'nous tortures, when the cup, brimful
Of purple vintage, gives him greater joy
Than all the heliconian ſtreams that play
And murmur round Parnaſſus. Now the wretch
Oft doom'd to reſtleſs days and ſleepleſs nights,
By bugbear Conſcience thrall'd, enjoys an hour
Of undiſturb'd repoſe.—The miſer too
May brook his golden dreams, nor wake with fear
That thieves or kindred (for no ſoul he'll truſt)
Have broke upon his cheſt, and ſtrive to ſteal
The ſhining idols of his uſeleſs hours.
Happy the Bug, whoſe unambitious views
To gilded pomp ne'er tempt him to aſpire;
Safely may he, enwrapt in ruſſet fold
Of cobweb'd curtain, ſet at bay the fears
That ſtill attendant are on Bugs of ſtate;
He never knows at morn the buſy bruſh
Of ſcrubbing chambermaid; his courſing blood
Is ne'er obſtructed with obnoxious doſe
By OLIPHANT prepar'd—Too pois'nous drug!
As deadly fatal to this crawling tribe
As ball and powder to the ſons of war.

A

A SATURDAY'S EXPEDITION.

IN MOCK HEROICS.

NON MIRA, SED VERA, CANAM.

AT that ſweet period of revolving time
When Phœbus lingers not in Thetis' lap,
When twinkling ſtars their feeble influence ſhed,
And ſcarcely glimmer thro' th' ethereal vault,
Till Sol again his near approach proclaims,
With ray purpureal, and the bluſhing form
Of fair Aurora, goddeſs of the dawn,
Leading the winged courſers to the pole
Of Phœbus' car.—'Twas in that ſeaſon fair,
When jocund Summer did the meads array
In Flora's rip'ning bloom—that we prepar'd
To break the bond of buſ'neſs, and to roam
Far from Edina's jarring noiſe a while.
Fair ſmil'd the wak'ning morn on our deſign,
And we with joy elate our march began
For LEITH's fair port, where oft EDINA's ſons
The week conclude, and in carouſal quaff
Port, punch, rum, brandy, and Geneva ſtrong,
Liquors too nervous for the feeble purſe.
With all convenient ſpeed we there arriv'd
Nor had we time to touch at houſe or hall,
Till from the boat a hollow thund'ring voice
Bellow'd vociferous, and our ears aſſail'd
With, "Ho! Kinghorn, oho! come ſtraight aboard."

We

We fail'd not to obey the ſtern command,
Utter'd with voice as dreadful as the roar,
Of Polyphemus, 'midſt rebounding rocks,
When overcome by ſage Ulyſſes' wiles.
"Hoiſt up your ſails," the angry ſkipper cries
While fore and aft the buſy ſailors run,
And looſe th' entangled cordage—O'er the deep
Zephyrus blows, and bags our lofty ſails,
Which, in obedience to the powerful breeze,
Swell o'er the foaming main, and kiſs the wave.
Now o'er the convex ſurface of the flood
Precipitate we fly—our foaming prow
Divides the ſaline ſtream—on either ſide
Ridges of yeſty ſurge dilate apace;
But from the poop the waters gently flow,
And undulation for the time decays,
In eddies ſmoothly floating o'er the main.
Here let the muſe in doleful numbers ſing
The woeful fate of thoſe whoſe cruel ſtars
Have doom'd them ſubject to the langaid powers
Of wat'ry ſickneſs.—Tho' with ſtomach full
Of juicy beef, of mutton in its prime,
Or all the dainties luxury can boaſt,
They brave the elements,—yet the rocking bark,
Truly regardleſs of their precious food,
Converts their viſage to the ghaſtly pale,
And makes the ſea partaker of the ſweets
On which they ſumptuous far'd and this the cauſe
Why thoſe of Scotia's ſons whoſe wealthy ſtore
Hath bleſt them with a ſplendid coach and ſix,
Rather

Rather incline to linger on the way,
And croſs the river Forth by Stirling bridge,
Than be ſubjected to the ocean's ſwell,
To dang'rous ſervice, and to ſickneſs dire.
And now at equal diſtance ſhews the land;
Gladly the tars the joyful taſk purſue
Of gathering in the freight—Debates ariſe
From counterfeited halfpence—In the hold
The ſeamen ſcrutinize and eager peep
Thro' ev'ry corner where their watchful eye
Suſpect a lurking place, or dark retreat,
To hide the timid corpſe of ſome poor ſoul,
Whoſe ſcanty purſe can ſcarce one groat afford.
At length we chearful land on Fifan ſhore,
Where ſickneſs vaniſhes, and all the ills
Attendant on the paſſage of Kinghorn.
Our pallid cheeks reſume their roſy hue,
And empty ſtomachs keenly crave ſupply—
With eager ſtep we reach'd the friendly inn,
Nor did we think of beating our retreat,
Till ev'ry gnawing appetite was quell'd.
Eaſtward along the Fifan coaſt we ſtray;
And here th' unwearied eye may fondly gaze
O'er all the tufted groves and pointed ſpires
With which the pleaſant banks of Forth are crown'd.
Sweet navigable ſtream! where Commerce reigns,
Where Peace and jocund Plenty ſmile ſerene:
On thy green banks ſits Liberty enthron'd,
But not that ſhadow which the Engliſh youth
So eagerly purſue; but freedom bought,

When

When Caledonia's triumphant ſword
Taught the proud ſons of Anglia to bemoan,
Their fate at *Bannockburn*, where thouſands came
Never to tread their native ſoil again.
Far in a hollow den, where Nature's hand
Had careleſs ſtrew'd the rocks—a dreadful cave.
Whoſe concave cieling echo'd to the floods
Their hollow murmurs on the trembling ſhore,
Demanded our approach.—The yawning porch
Its maſſy ſides diſclos'd, and o'er the top
The ivy tendrils twin'd th' uncultur'd fearn:
Fearful we pry into the dreary vault,
Hoary with age, and breathing noxious damps:
Here buſy owls may unmoleſted dwell
In ſolitary gloom—for few there are
Whoſe inclination leads them to review
A cell where putrid ſmells infectious reign*.
Then turning weſtward, we our courſe purſue
Along the verge of Portha's briny flood,
Till we o'ertake the gradual riſing dale
Where fair Burntiſland rears her rev'rend dome;
And here the vulgar ſign-poſt, painted o'er
With imitations vile of man and horſe,
Of ſmall beer froathing o'er th' unſhapely jug
With courteous invitation, ſpoke us fair
To enter in, and taſte what precious drops
Were there reſerv'd to moiſten ſtrangers throats,
Too often parch'd upon the tedious way.

After

* A large cave at a ſmall diſtance from Kinghorn, ſuppoſed, about a century ago, to have been the receptacle of thieves.

After regaling here with ſober cann,
Our limbs we plied, and nimbly meaſur'd o'er
The hills, the vales, and the extenſive plains,
Which form the diſtance from *Bruntiſland*'s port
To *Inverkeithing*. Weſtward ſtill we went,
Till in the ferry-boat we loll'd at eaſe;
Nor did we long on Neptune's empire float,
For ſcarce ten poſting minutes were elaps'd
Till we again on *Terra Firma* ſtood,
And to M'LAREN's march'd, where roaſted lamb,
With cooling lettice, crown'd our ſocial board.
Here too the chearing glaſs, chief foe to cares!
Went briſkly round; and many a virgin fair
Receiv'd our homage in a bumper full.

Thus having ſacrific'd a jocund hour,
To ſmiling mirth, we quit the happy ſcene,
And move progreſſive to Edina's walls.

Now ſtill returning eve creep'd gradual on,
And the bright ſun, as weary of the ſky,
Beam'd forth a languid occidental ray;
Whoſe ruby tinctur'd radiance faintly gleam'd
Upon the airy cliffs and diſtant ſpires,
That float on the horizons utmoſt verge.
So we, with feſtive joints and ling'ring pace,
Mov'd ſlowly on, and did not reach the town
Till Phœbus had unyok'd his prancing ſteeds.

Ye ſons of Caledonia! who delight,
With all the pomp and pageantry of ſtate,
To roll along in gilded affluence,
For one poor moment wean your thoughts from theſe,

And liſt this humble ſtrain.—If you, like us,
Could brave the angry waters, be uprous'd
By the firſt ſalutation to the morn
Paid by the watchful cock; or be compell'd
On foot to wander o'er the lonely plain
For twenty tedious miles; then ſhould the gout
With all his racking pangs forſake your frame:
For he delights not to traverſe the field,
Or rugged ſteed, but prides him to recline
On the luxuriance of a velvet fold,
Where indolence on purple ſopha lolls.

THE CANONGATE PLAY-HOUSE IN RUINS.

A BURLESQUE POEM.

YE few whoſe feeling hearts are ne'er eſtrang'd
From ſoft emotions!—Ye who often wear
The eye of Pity, and oft vent her ſighs,
When ſad *Melpomene*, in woe-fraught ſtrains,
Gains entrance to the breaſt; or often ſmile
When briſk *Thalia* gaily trips along
Scenes of enliv'ning mirth, attend my ſong!
And Fancy, thou! whoſe ever-flaming light
Can penetrate into the dark abyſs
Of chaos and of hell: O! with thy blazing torch
The waſteful ſcene illumine, that the Muſe,
With daring pinions, may her flight purſue,
Nor with timidity be known to ſoar
O'er the *theatric world*, to chaos chang'd.
Can I contemplate on thoſe dreary ſcenes
Of mould'ring deſolation, and forbid

The

The voice elegiac, and the falling tear!
No more from box to box the baſket pil'd
With oranges as radiant as the ſpheres,
Shall with their luſcious virtues charm the ſenſe
Of *taſte* and *ſmell*. No more the gaudy beau,
With handkerchief in lavender well drench'd,
Or *bergamot*, or *roſe* of *waters* pure,
With flavoriferous ſweets ſhall chace away
The peſtilential fumes of vulgar cits,
Who, in impatience for the curtain's riſe,
Amus'd the ling'ring moments, and apply'd
Thirſt-quenching porter to their parched lips.
Alas, how ſadly alter'd is the ſcene!
For lo! thoſe ſacred walls, that late were bruſh'd
By ruſtling ſilks and waving capuchines,
Are now become the ſport of Wrinkled Time!
Thoſe walls, that late have echo'd to the voice
Of ſtern King *Richard*, to the ſeat transform'd
Of crawling ſpiders and deteſted moths,
Who in the lonely crevices reſide;
Or gender in the beams, that have upheld
Gods, demi-gods, and all the joyous crew
Of thund'rers in the galleries above.
O Shakeſpeare! where are all thy tinſell'd kings,
Thy fawning courtiers, and thy waggiſh clowns?
Where all thy fairies, ſpirits, witches, fiends,
That here have gambol'd in nocturnal ſport,
Round the lone oak, or ſunk in fear away
From the ſhrill ſummons of the cock at morn,
Where now the temples, palaces, and tow'rs?

Where now the groves that ever-verdant ſmil'd?
Where now the ſtreams that never ceas'd to flow
Where now the clouds, the rains, the hails, the winds,
The thunders, lightnings, and the tempeſts ſtrong!
Here ſhepherds, lolling in their woven bow'rs,
In dull *recitativo* often ſung
Their loves, accompanied with clangor ſtrong
From horns, from trumpets, clarinets, baſſoons;
From violinos ſharp, or droning baſs,
Or the briſk tinkling of a harpſichord.
Such is thy pow'r, O Muſic! ſuch thy fame
That it has fabled been, how foreign ſong,
Soft iſſuing from *Tenducci*'s ſlender throat,
Has drawn a plaudit from the gods enthron'd
Round the empyreum of Jove himſelf,
High ſeated on Olympus' airy top.
Nay, that his fev'rous voice was known to ſoothe
The ſhrill ton'd prating of the females' tongues,
Who, in obedience to the lifeleſs ſong,
All proſtrate fell, all fainting dy'd away
In ſilent ecſtaſies of paſſing joy.
Ye who oft wander by the ſilver light
Of ſiſter *Luna*,—or to church-yards gloom,
Or cypreſs ſhades, if Chance ſhould guide your ſteps
To this ſad manſion, think not that you tread
Unconſecrated paths; for on this ground
Have holy ſtreams been pour'd, and flow'rets ſtrew'd;
While many a kingly diadem, I ween,
Lies uſeleſs here entomb'd, with heaps of coin
Stampt in *theatric mint*: offenceleſs gold!

That

That carried not perſuaſion in its hue,
To tutor mankind in their evil ways.
After a lengthen'd ſeries of years,
When the unhallow'd ſpade ſhall diſcompoſe
This maſs of earth, then relics ſhall be found,
Which, or for gems of worth, or Roman coins,
Well may obtrude on antiquary's eye.
Ye ſpouting blades! regard this ruin'd fane,
And nightly come within thoſe naked walls,
To ſhed the tragic tear. Full many a drop
Of precious inſpiration have you ſuck'd
From its dramatic ſources. O! look here
Upon this rooſleſs and forſaken pile,
And ſtalk in penſive ſorrow o'er the ground
Where you've beheld ſo many noble ſcenes.
Thus, when the mariner to foreign clime
His bark conveys, where odoriferous gales,
And orange-groves, and love inſpiring wine,
Have oft repaid his toil; if earthquake dire,
With hollow groanings and convulſive pangs,
The ground hath rent, and all thoſe beauties foil'd,
Will he refrain to ſhed the grateful drop,
A tribute juſtly due (tho' ſeldom paid)
To the bleſt memory of happier times?

FASHION. A POEM.

Bred up where diſcipline moſt rare is,
In Military Garden *Paris*. HUDIBRAS.

O Nature, parent goddeſs! at thy ſhrine,
Prone to the earth, the Muſe, in humble ſong,

Thy aid implores: Nor will ſhe wing her flight,
Till thou, bright form! in thy effulgence pure
Deign'ſt to look down upon her lowly ſtate,
And ſhed thy pow'rful influence benign.

Come then, regardleſs of vain Faſhions fools,
Of all thoſe vile enormities of ſhape
That croud the world, and with thee bring
Wiſdom in ſober contemplation clad,
To laſh thoſe bold uſurpers from the ſtage.

On that bleſs'd ſpot where the Pariſian dome
To fools the ſtealing hand of Time diſplays,
FASHION her empire holds, a goddeſs great!
View her amidſt the *Millenarian* train
On a reſplendent throne, exalted high,
Strangely diverſified with gewgaw forms.
Her buſy hand glides pleaſureably o'er
The darling novelties, the trinkets rare
That greet the ſight of the admiring dames,
Thoſe dear-bought treaſures o'er their native iſle
Contagious ſpread, infect the wholeſome air
That cheriſh'd vigour in Britannia's ſons.

Near this proud ſeat of Faſhion's antic form
A ſphere revolves, on whoſe bright orb behold
The circulating mode of changeful dreſs,
Which, like the image of the ſun, himſelf,
Glories in courſing thro' the diverſe ſigns
Which blazon in the zodiac of heav'n.
Around her throne coquets and *petits beaux*
Unnumber'd ſhine, and with each other vie
In nameleſs ornaments and gaudy plumes.

O worthy emulation! to excel
In trifles ſuch as theſe: how truly great!
Unworthy of the peeviſh blubb'ring boy,
Cruſh'd in his childhood by the fondling nurſe,
Who, for ſome fav'rite bubble, frets and pines.
Amongſt the proud attendants of this ſhrine,
The wealthy, young, and gay *Clarinda* draws,
From poorer objects, the aſtoniſh'd eye:
Her looks, her dreſs, and her affected mien
Doom her enthuſiaſt keen in Faſhion's train:
White as the cover'd *Alps*, or wintry face
Of ſnowy *Lapland*, her *toupee* uprear'd,
Exhibits to the view a cumbrous maſs
Of curls high nodding o'er her poliſh'd brow;
From which redundant flows the Bruſſels lace,
With pendant ribbons too of various dye,
Where all the colours in th' ethereal bow
Unite, and blend, and tantalize the ſight.
Nature! to thee alone, not Faſhion's pomp
Does Beauty owe her all-commanding eye.
From the green boſom of the watry main,
Array'd by thee, majeſtic Venus roſe,
With waving ringlets careleſsly diffus'd
Floating luxurious o'er the reſtleſs ſurge.
What *Rubens*, then, with his enliv'ning hand,
Could paint the bright vermilion of her cheek,
Pure as the roſeate portal of the eaſt,
That opens to receive the chearing ray
Of Phœbus beaming from the orient ſky?
For ſterling Beauty needs no faint eſſays,

Or colourings of art, to gild her more:
She is all perfect. And, if Beauty fail,
Where are thoſe ornaments, thoſe rich attires
Which can reflect a luſtre on that face,
Where ſhe with light innate diſdains to ſhine?

Britons, beware of Faſhion's luring wiles:
On either hand, chief guardians of her pow'r,
And ſole dictators of her fickle voice,
Folly and dull *effeminacy* reign;
Whoſe blackeſt magic and unhallow'd ſpells
The Roman ardour check'd; their ſtrength decay'd,
And all their glory ſcatter'd to the winds.

Tremble, O Albion! for the voice of Fate
Seems ready to decree thy after-fall.
By pride, by luxury, what fated ills
Unheeded have approach'd thy mortal frame!
How many foreign weeds their heads have rear'd
In thy fair garden? Haſten, 'ere their ſtrength
And baneful vegetation taint the ſoil,
To root out rank diſeaſe, which ſoon muſt ſpread,
If no bleſs'd antidote will purge away
Faſhion's proud minions from our ſea-girt iſle.

A BURLESQUE ELEGY

On the Amputation of a STUDENT's *Hair, before his* ORDERS.

O SAD cataſtrophe! O event dire!
How ſhall the loſs, the heavy loſs be borne?
Or how the Muſe attune the plaintive lyre,
To ſing of *Strephon* with his ringlets ſhorn?

Say

Say ye, who can divine the mighty cauſe,
From whence this modern circumciſion ſprings?
Why ſuch oppreſſive and ſuch rigid laws
Are ſtill attendant on religious things?

Alas! poor *Strephon*, to the ſtern decree
Which prunes your treſſes, are you doom'd to yield?
Soon ſhall your *caput*, like the blaſted tree,
Diffuſe its faded honours o'er the field.

Now let the ſolemn ſounds of mourning ſwell,
And wake ſad echoes to prolong the lay;
For hark! methinks I hear the tragic knell;
This hour beſpeaks the barber on his way.

O razor! yet thy poignant edge ſuſpend;
O yet indulge me with a ſhort delay;
Till I once more pourtray my youthful friend,
'Ere his proud locks are ſcatter'd on the clay.

'Ere the huge *twig*, in formal curls array'd,
With pulvile pregnant, ſhall o'erſhade his face;
Or, like the wide umbrella, lend its aid,
To baniſh luſtre from the ſacred place.

Mourn, O ye zephyrs! for, alas! no more
His waving ringlets ſhall your call obey!
For, ah! the ſtubborn wig muſt now be wore,
Since *Strephon*'s locks are ſcatter'd on the clay.

Amanda,

Amanda, too, in bitter anguiſh ſighs,
And grieves the metamorphoſis to ſee;
Mourn not, *Amanda*, for the hair that lies
Dead on the ground ſhall be reviv'd for thee.

Some ſkilful artiſt of a French *frizeur*,
With graceful ringlets ſhall thy temples bind,
And cull the precious relics from the floor,
Which yet may flutter in the wanton wind.

Written at the HERMITAGE *of* BRAID, *near* EDINBURGH.

WOULD you reliſh a rural retreat,
Or the pleaſure the groves can inſpire,
The city's allurements forget,
To this ſpot of enchantment retire.

Where a valley, and chryſtaline brook,
Whoſe current glides ſweetly along,
Give nature a fanciful look,
The beautiful woodlands among.

Behold the umbrageous trees
A covert of verdure have ſpread,
Where ſhepherds may loll at their eaſe,
And pipe to the muſical ſhade:

For,

For, lo! thro' each op'ning is heard,
In concert with waters below,
The voice of a muſical bird,
Whoſe numbers do gracefully flow.

The buſhes and arbours ſo green,
The tendrils of ſpray interwove,
With foliage ſhelter the ſcene,
And form a retirement for love.

Here Venus tranſported may rove
From pleaſure to pleaſure unſeen,
Nor wiſh for the Cyprian grove
Her youthful Adonis to ſcreen.

Oft let me contemplative dwell
On a ſcene where ſuch beauties appear;
I could live in a cot or a cell,
And never think ſolitude near.

A TALE.

THOSE rigid pedagogues and fools,
Who walk by ſelf-invented rules,
Do often try, with empty head,
The emptier mortals to miſlead,
And fain would urge, that none but they
Could rightly teach the A, B, C,

To

On which they've got an endleſs comment,
To trifling minds of mighty moment,
Throwing forth barriers in the way
Of thoſe who genius diſplay,
As often, ah! too often teaze
Them out of patience, and of fees,
Before they're able to explode
Obſtructions thrown on Learning's road.
May mankind all employ their tools
To baniſh pedantry from ſchools!
And may each pedagogue avail,
By liſt'ning to the after tale!

Wiſe Mr BIRCH had long intended
The alphabet ſhould be amended,
And taught that H a breathing was,
Ergo he ſaw no proper cauſe,
Why ſuch a letter ſhould exiſt:
Thus in a breath was he diſmiſs'd,
With, "O beware, beware, O youth!
"Take not the villain in your mouth."

One day this alphabetic ſinner
Was eager to devour his dinner,
When to appeaſe the craving glutton,
His boy *Tom* produc'd the mutton.
Was ſuch diſaſter ever told?
Alas! the meat was deadly cold!
Here take and h—eat it, ſays the maſter;
Quoth Tom, that ſhall be done, and faſt, Sir:
And few there are who will diſpute it;
And he went inſtantly about it;

The

For *Birch* had ſcorn'd the H to ſay,
And blew him with a puff away.
The bell was rung with dread alarm;
"Bring me the mutton, is it warm?"
Sir you deſir'd, and I have eat it;
"You lie, my orders were to heat it."
Quoth Tom, I'll readily allow
That H is but a breathing now.

THE PEASANT, THE HEN, AND YOUNG DUCKS. A FABLE.

A HEN, of all the dung-hill crew
The faireſt, ſtatelieſt to view,
Of laying tir'd ſhe fondly begs
Her Keeper's leave to hatch her eggs:
He, dunn'd with the inceſſant cry,
Was forc'd for peace' ſake to comply;
And in a month the downy brood
Came chirping round the hen for food,
Who view'd them with parental eyes
Of pleaſing fondneſs and ſurpriſe,
And was not at a loſs to trace
Her likeneſs growing in their face;
Tho' the broad *bills* could well declare
That they another's offspring were;
So ſtrong will prejudices blind,
And lead aſtray the eaſy mind.

To the green margin of the brook
The hen her fancied children took;
Each young one ſhakes his unfledg'd wings,
And to the flood by inſtinct ſprings;
With willing ſtrokes they gladly ſwim,
Or dive into the glaſſy ſtream,
While the fond mother vents her grief,
And prays the *peaſant's* kind relief.
The peaſant heard the bitter cries,
And thus in terms of rage replies:
"You fool! give o'er your uſeleſs moan,
"Nor mourn misfortunes not your own;
"But learn in wiſdom to forſake
"The offspring of the *duck* and *drake*."
To whom the hen, with angry creſt
And ſcornful look, herſelf addreſt:
"If *reaſon* were my conſtant guide
"(Of man the ornament and pride,)
"Then ſhould I boaſt a cruel heart,
"And foreign feeling all depart;
"But ſince poor I, by *inſtinct* blind,
"Can boaſt no feelings ſo refin'd,
"'Tis hop'd your reaſon will excuſe,
"Tho' I your counſel ſage refuſe,
"And from the perils of the flood
"Attempt to ſave another's brood."

MORAL.

When Pity, gen'rous nymph! poſſeſt,
And mov'd at will the human breaſt,

No

No tongue its diſtant ſufferings told,
But ſhe aſſiſted, ſhe condol'd,
And willing bore her tender part
In all the feelings of the heart;
But now from her our hearts decoy'd,
To ſenſe of other woes deſtroy'd,
Act only from a ſelfiſh view,
Nor give the aid to Pity due.

TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN CUNNINGHAM THE POET.

Sing his praiſes that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
PAN, the father of our ſheep:
And arm in arm
Tread we ſoftly in a round,
While the hollow neighb'ring ground
Fills the muſic with her ſound.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER

YE mournful meanders and groves,
Delight of the Muſe and her ſong!
Ye grottos and dropping alcoves,
No ſtranger's to Corydon's tongue!

Let each Sylvan and Dryad declare
His themes and his muſic how dear;
Their plaints and their dirges prepare,
Attendant on Corydon's bier.

The echo that join'd in the lay,
So amorous, ſprightly, and free,
Shall ſend forth the ſounds of diſmay,
And ſigh with ſad pity for thee.

Wild wander his flocks with the breeze;
His reed can no longer controul;
His numbers no longer can pleaſe,
Or ſend kind relief to the ſoul.

But long may they wander and bleat,
To hills tell the tale of their woe;
The woodlands the tale ſhall repeat,
And the waters ſhall mournfully flow.

For theſe were the haunts of his love,
The ſacred retreats of his eaſe,
Where favourite Fancy would rove,
As wanton, as light as the breeze.

Her zone will diſcolour'd appear,
With fanciful ringlets unbound,
A face pale and languid ſhe'll wear,
A heart fraught with ſorrow profound.

The reed of each ſhepherd will mourn,
The ſhades of Parnaſſus decay;
The Muſes will dry their ſad urn,
Since 'reft of young Corydon's lay.

To him ev'ry paſſion was known
That throbb'd in the breaſt with deſire;
Each gentle affection was ſhewn
In the ſoft ſighing ſongs of his lyre.

Like the caroling thruſh on the ſpray
In muſic ſoft warb'ling and wild,
To love was devoted each lay,
In accents pathetic and mild.

Let beauty and virtue revere,
And the ſongs of the ſhepherd approve,
Who felt, who lamented the ſnare,
When repining at pityleſs love.

The ſummer but languidly gleams,
Pomona no comfort can bring,
Nor vallies, nor grottos, nor ſtreams,
Nor the May-born *flow'rets* of ſpring.

They've fled all with Corydon's Muſe,
For his brows to form chaplets of woe;
Whoſe reed oft awaken'd their boughs,
As the whiſpering breezes that blow.

To many a fanciful ſpring
His lyre was melodiouſly ſtrung;
While *fairies* and *fauns* in a ring
Have applauded the ſwain as he ſung.

To the cheerful he uſher'd his ſmiles,
To the woeful his ſigh and his tear;
A condoler with want and her toils,
When the voice of oppreſſion was near.

Tho' *titles* and *wealth* were his due,
Tho' Fortune denied the reward;
Yet truth and ſincerity knew
What the goddeſs would never regard.

Avails aught the generous heart,
Which Nature to Goodneſs deſign'd,
If Fortune denies to impart
Her kindly relief to the mind?

'Twas but faint the relief to *diſmay*,
The cells of the wretched among;
Tho' ſympathy ſung in the lay,
Tho' melody fell from his tongue.

Let the favour'd of Fortune attend
To the ails of the wretched and poor:
Tho' Corydon's lays can befriend,
'Tis riches alone that can cure.

But they to Compaſſion are dumb,
To Pity their voices unknown;
Near Sorrow they never can come,
'Till *Misfortune* has mark'd them her own.

Now

Now the ſhades of the evening depend;
Each warbler is lull'd on the ſpray;
The cypreſs doth ruefully bend
Where the cold corpſe of Corydon ſtay.

Adieu then the ſongs of the ſwain!
Let Peace ſtill attend on his ſhade;
And his pipe that is dumb to his ſtrain,
In the grave be with CORYDON laid.

THE DELIGHTS OF VIRTUE.

RETURNING Morn, in orient bluſh array'd,
With gentle radiance hail'd the ſky ſerene;
No ruſtling breezes wav'd the verdant ſhade,
Nor ſwelling ſurge diſturb'd the azure main.

Theſe moments, Meditation, ſure are thine;
Theſe are thy halcyon joys you wiſh to find,
When Nature's Peaceful elements combine
To ſuit the calm compoſure of the mind.

The Muſe, exalted by thy ſacred pow'r,
To the green mountain's air-born ſummit flew,
Charm'd with the thoughtful ſtillneſs of an hour,
That uſher'd beaming Fancy to her view.

Freſh from old Neptune's fluid manſion ſprung
The ſun, reviver of each drooping flow'r;
At his approach the lark, with *matin* ſong,
In notes of gratitude confeſs'd his pow'r.

So ſhines fair Virtue, ſhedding light divine,
On thoſe who wiſh'd to profit by her ways;
Who ne'er at parting with their vice repine,
To taſte the comforts of her bliſsful rays.

She with freſh hopes each ſorrow can beguile,
Can diſſipate Adverſity's ſtern gloom,
Make meagre Poverty contented ſmile,
And the ſad wretch forget his hapleſs doom.

Sweeter than ſhady groves in ſummer's pride,
Than flow'ry dales or graſſy meads is ſhe;
Delightful as the honey'd ſtreams that glide
From the rich labours of the buſy bee.

Her paths and alleys are for ever green;
There innocence, in ſnowy robes array'd,
With ſmiles of pure content is hail'd the queen
And happy miſtreſs of the ſacred ſhade.

O let not tranſient gleams of earthly joy
From Virtue lure your lab'ring ſteps aſide;
Nor inſtant grandeur future hopes annoy
With thoughts that ſpring from Inſolence and Pride.

Soon will the winged moments ſpeed away,
When you'll no more the plumes of honour wear;
Grandeur muſt ſhudder at the ſad decay,
And pride look humble when he ponders there.

Depriv'd

Depriv'd of Virtue, where is beauty's pow'r?
Her dimpl'd ſmiles, her roſes charm no more;
So much can guilt the lovelieſt form deflow'r,
We loath that beauty which we lov'd before.

How fair are Virtue's buds where-e'er they blow,
Or in the deſart wild or garden gay!
Her flow'rs how ſacred whereſo'er they ſhow,
Unknown to the black canker of decay!

A TAVERN ELEGY.

FLED are the moments of deluſive Mirth,
The fancy'd pleaſure! paradiſe divine!
Huſh'd are the clamours that derive their birth
From gen'rous floods of ſoul reviving wine.

Still night and ſilence now ſucceed the noiſe;
The ebbing tides of paſſion rage no more;
But all is peaceful as the ocean's voice
When breezeleſs waters kiſs the ſilent ſhore.

Here ſtood the *juice* whoſe care-controuling pow'rs
Could ev'ry human miſery ſubdue,
And wake to ſportive joy the lazy hours,
That to the languid ſenſes hateful grew.

Attracted by the magic of the bowl,
Around the ſwelling brim in full array
The glaſſes circl'd, as the planets roll,
And hail with borrow'd light the god of day.

Here

Here Muſic, the delight of moments gay,
Bade the unguarded tongues their motions ceaſe,
And with a mirthful, a melodious lay,
Aw'd the fell voice of Diſcord into Peace.

Theſe are the joys that Virtue muſt approve,
While Reaſon ſhines with majeſty divine,
'Ere our ideas in diſorder move,
And ſad exceſs againſt the ſoul combine.

What evils have not frenzy'd mortals done
By wine, that *ignis fatuus* of the mind!
How many by its force to vice are won,
Since firſt ordain'd to tantalize mankind!

By Bacchus' pow'r, ye ſons of riot! ſay,
How many watchful centinels have bled!
How many travellers have loſt their way,
By *lamps* unguided thro' the ev'ning ſhade!

O ſpare thoſe friendly twinklers of the night!
Let no rude cane their hallow'd orbs aſſail!
For *cowardice* alone condemns the light,
That ſhews her countenance aghaſt and pale.

Now the ſhort taper warns me to depart
'Ere Darkneſs ſhall aſſume his dreary ſway;
'Ere Solitude fall heavy on my heart,
That lingers for the far approach of day.

Who

Who would not vindicate the happy doom
To be for ever number'd with the dead,
Rather than bear the miſerable gloom,
When all his comfort, all his friends are fled?

Bear me, ye gods! where I may calmly reſt
From all the follies of the night ſecure;
The balmy bleſſings of Repoſe to taſte,
Nor hear the tongue of Outrage at my door.

GOOD EATING.

HEAR, O ye hoſt of Epicurus! hear!
Each portly form, whoſe overhanging paunch
Can well denote the all-tranſcendent joy
That ſprings unbounded from fruition full
Of rich repaſt; to you I conſecrate
The ſong advent'rous; happy if the Muſe
Can cook the numbers to your palates keen,
Or ſend but half the reliſh with her ſong,
That ſmoaking *ſirloins* to your ſouls convey.
Hence now, ye ſtarv'lings wan! whoſe empty wombs
Oft echo to the hollow-murm'ring tones
Of Hunger fell.—Avaunt, ye baſe born hinds!
Whoſe fates unkind ne'er deſtin'd you to gorge
The banquet rare, or wage a pleaſing war
With the delicious morſels of the earth.
To you I ſing not: for, alas! what pain,

What

What tantalizing tortures would enſue,
To aid the force of *Famine's* ſharpeſt tooth,
Were I to breath my accents in your ear!
Hail, ROAST BEEF! monarch of the feſtive throng,
To hungre's bane the ſtrongeſt antidote;
Come, and with all thy rage-appeaſing ſweets
Our appetites allay! For, or attended
By *root Hibernian*, or *plumb-pudding* rare,
Still thou art welcome to the ſocial board.
Say, can the ſpicy gales from *Orient* blown,
Or zephyr's wing, that from the *orange* groves
Bruſhes the breeze, with rich perfumes replete,
More aromatic or reviving ſmell
To noſtrils bring? Or can the glaſſy ſtreams
Of *Pactolus*, that o'er its golden ſands
Delightful glide, thy luſcious drops outvie,
That from thy ſides embrown'd unnumber'd fall?
Behold, at thy approach, what ſmiles ſerene
Beam from the raviſh'd gueſts!--Still are their tongues,
While they with whetted inſtruments prepare
For deep inciſion.—Now the *abſceſs* bleeds,
And the devouring band, with ſtomachs keen,
And glutting rage, thy beauteous form deſtroy,
Leave you a marrowleſs ſkeleton and bare,
A prey to dunghills, or vexatious ſport
Of torrent ruſhing from *deſilement's urns*,
That o'er the city's flinty pavement hurls.
So fares it with the man, whoſe pow'rful pelf
Once could command reſpect. Careſs'd by all,
His bounties were as laviſh as the hand

Of

Of yellow *Ceres*, till his ſtores decay'd,
And then (O diſmal tale!) thoſe precious drops
Of flatt'ry that bedew'd his ſpring of fortune,
Leave the ſad winter of his ſtate ſo fall'n,
Nor nurſe the thorn from which they ne'er can hope
Again to pluck the odour dropping roſe!
For thee, *Roaſt Beef!* in variegated ſhapes,
Have mortals toil'd.—The *ſailor* ſternly braves
The ſtrength of *Boreas*, and exulting ſtands
Upon the ſea-waſh'd deck—with hopes inſpir'd
Of yet indulging in thy wiſh'd for ſweets,
He ſmiles amidſt the dangers that ſurround him;
Cheerful he ſteers to cold forbidden climes,
Or to the torrid zone explores his way.

Be kind, ye Pow'rs! and ſtill propitious ſend
This paragon of feeding to our halls.
With this regal'd, who would vain-glorious wiſh
For tow'ring pyramids ſuperbly crown'd,
With *jellies*, *ſyllabubs*, or *ice-creams* rare?
Theſe can amuſe the eye, and may beſtow
A ſhort-liv'd pleaſure to a palate ſtrange;
But, for a moment's pleaſure, who would vend
A life-time that would elſe be ſpent in joy
For hateful *loathings* and for *gouty rheums*,
Ever preceded by indulg'd exceſs!

Bleſt be thoſe walls where HOSPITALITY
And Welcome reign at large! There may you oft
Of ſocial cheer partake, and love and joy,
Pleaſures that to the human mind convey
Ideal pictures of the bliſs ſupreme:

What tantalizing tortures would enſue,
To aid the force of *Famine's* ſharpeſt tooth,
Were I to breath my accents in your ear!
Hail, ROAST BEEF! monarch of the feſtive throng,
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For thee, *Roaſt Beef!* in variegated ſhapes,
Have mortals toil'd.—The *ſailor* ſternly braves
The ſtrength of *Boreas*, and exulting ſtands
Upon the ſea-waſh'd deck—with hopes inſpir'd
Of yet indulging in thy wiſh'd for ſweets,
He ſmiles amidſt the dangers that ſurround him;
Cheerful he ſteers to cold forbidden climes,
Or to the torrid zone explores his way.

Be kind, ye Pow'rs! and ſtill propitious ſend
This paragon of feeding to our halls.
With this regal'd, who would vain-glorious wiſh
For tow'ring pyramids ſuperbly crown'd,
With *jellies*, *ſyllabubs*, or *ice-creams* rare?
Theſe can amuſe the eye, and may beſtow
A ſhort-liv'd pleaſure to a palate ſtrange;
But, for a moment's pleaſure, who would vend
A life-time that would elſe be ſpent in joy
For hateful *loathings* and for *gouty rheums*,
Ever preceded by indulg'd exceſs!

Bleſt be thoſe walls where HOSPITALITY
And Welcome reign at large! There may you oft
Of ſocial cheer partake, and love and joy,
Pleaſures that to the human mind convey
Ideal pictures of the bliſs ſupreme:

But near the gate where parſimony dwells,
Where ceremony cool, and brow auſtere,
Confront the gueſts, ne'er let thy foot approach!
For, void of kind benev'lence, heav'nly virtue!
What is life's garden but a devious wild,
Thro' which the traveller muſt paſs forlorn,
Unguided by the aid of Friendſhip's ray?
Rather, if Poverty hold converſe with thee,
To the lone garret's lofty bield aſcend,
Or dive to ſome ſad cell; there have recourſe
To meagre *offals*, where, tho' ſmall thy fare,
Freedom ſhall wing thee to a purer joy
Than banquets with ſuperfluous dainties crown'd,
Mix'd with reſerve and coolneſs, can afford.
But, if your better fortunes have prepar'd
Your purſe with *ducats*, and with health thy frame,
Aſſemble, friends! and to the tavern ſtraight,
Where the officious *waiter*, bending low,
Is paſſive to a fault. Then, nor the *Signior Grand*,
Or Ruſſia's Empreſs, ſignaliz'd for war,
Can govern with more arbitrary ſway.
Ye who for health, for exerciſe, for air,
Oft ſaunter from *Edina*'s ſmoke-capt ſpires,
And, by the graſſy hill or dimpl'd brook,
An appetite revive, ſhould oft-times ſtray
O'er *Arthur's-ſeat*'s green paſtures, to the town
For *ſheep-heads* and bone-bridges fam'd of yore,
That in our country's annals ſtands yclept
Fair *Duddingſtonia*, where you may be bleſt
With

With ſimple fare and vegetable ſweets,
Freed from the clamours of the buſy world.
Or, if for recreation you ſhould ſtray
To *Leithian* ſhore, and breathe the keener air
Wafted from Neptune's empire of the main;
If appetite invite, and caſh prevail,
Ply not your joints upon the homeward track,
Till LAWSON, chiefeſt of the Scotiſh hoſts!
To nimble-footed waiters give command
The cloth to lay.—Inſtinctively they come,
And lo! the table, wrapt in cloudy ſteams,
Groans with the weight of the tranſporting fare
That breathes frankincenſe on the gueſts around.
Now, while ſtern Winter holds his frigid ſway,
And to a period ſpins the cloſing year;
While feſtivals abound, and ſportive hours
Kill the remembrance of our weaning time,
Let not Intemperance, deſtructive fiend!
Gain entrance to your halls.—Deſpoil'd by him,
Shall cloyed appetite, forerunner ſad
Of rank diſeaſe, invet'rate claſp your frame.
Contentment ſhall no more be known to ſpread
Her cherub wings round thy once happy dwelling,
But miſery of thought, and racking pain,
Shall plunge you headlong to the dark abyſs.

TEA. A POEM.

YE maidens modeſt! on whoſe ſullen brows
Hath weaning Chaſtity her wrinkles cull'd,

Who conſtant labour o'er conſumptive oil,
At midnight knell, to waſh ſleep's nightly balm
From cloſing eye-lids, with the grateful drops
Of TEA's bleſt juices; lift th' obſequious lays
That come not with Parnaſſian honours crown'd,
To dwell in murmurs o'er your ſleepy ſenſe,
But freſh from *Orient* blown to chace far off
Your *lethargy*, that dormant *needles* rous'd
May pierce the waving *Manta*'s ſilken folds:
For many a dame in chamber ſadly pent,
Hath this reviving limpid call'd to life;
And well it did, to mitigate the frowns
Of anger reddening on *Lucinda*'s brow
With flaſh malignant, that had harbour'd there,
If ſhe at maſquerade, or play, or ball,
Appear'd not in her neweſt, beſt attire.
But VENUS, goddeſs of th' eternal ſmile,
Knowing that ſtormy brows but ill become
Fair patterns of her beauty, hath ordain'd
Celeſtial Tea!—A fountain that can cure
The ills of paſſion, and can free the fair
From frowns and ſighs, by Diſappointment earn'd.
To her, ye fair, in adoration bow!
Whether at bluſhing morn, or dewy eve;
Her ſmoaking cordials greet your fragrant board,
With Shuſhong, Congo, or coarſe Bohea crown'd.
At midnight ſkies, ye *Mantua-makers*, hail
The ſacred offering!—For the haughty *Belles*
No longer upbraid your ling'ring hands
With trains upborn aloft by duſky gales

That

That ſweep the ball-room—ſwift they glide along,
And, with their ſailing ſtreamers, catch the eye
Of ſome *Adonis*, mark'd to love a prey.
Whoſe boſom ne'er had panted with a ſigh,
But for the ſilken drap'ries that incloſe
Graces which nature has by Art conceal'd.
Mark well the fair! obſerve their modeſt eye,
With all the innocence of beauty bleſt.
Could Slander o'er that tongue its pow'r retain
Whoſe breath is muſic? Ah, fallacious thought!
The ſurface is Ambroſia's mingl'd ſweets;
But all below is death. At tea-board met,
Attend their prattling tongues—they ſcoff—they rail
Unbounded; but their darts are chiefly aim'd
At ſome gay *Fair*, whoſe beauties far eclipſe
Her dim beholders—who, with haggard eyes,
Would blight thoſe charms where raptures long have dwelt
In extacy, delighted and ſuffic'd.
In vain hath *Beauty*, with her varied robe,
Beſtow'd her glowing bluſhes o'er her cheeks,
And call'd attendant Graces to her aid,
To blend the ſcarlet and the lilly fair.
In vain did Venus in her fav'rite mould
Adapt the ſlender form to Cupid's choice—
When ſlander comes, her blaſts too fatal prove;
Pale are thoſe cheeks where youth and beauty glow'd,
Where ſmiles, where freſhneſs, and where roſes grew:
Ghaſtly and wan their *Gorgon* picture comes,
With ev'ry Fury grinning from the looks
Of frightful monſter—*Envy*'s hiſſing tongue,

With deepeſt vengeance wounds, and ev'ry wound
With deeper canker, deeper poiſon teems.
O GOLD! thy luring luſtre firſt prevail'd
On MAN to tempt the fretful winds and waves,
And hunt new fancies. Still thy glaring form
Bids Commerce thrive, and o'er the Indian waves,
O'er-ſtemming danger, draw the lab'ring keel
From *China*'s coaſt to the *Britain*'s colder clime,
Fraught with the fruits and herbage of their vales;
In them whatever vegetable ſprings,
How loathſome and corrupted, triumphs here,
The bane of life, of health the ſure decay;
Yet, yet ye ſwallow, and extoll the draught,
Tho' nervous ails ſhould ſpring, and vap'riſh qualms
Our ſenſes and our appetites deſtroy.
Look round, ye *ſipplers* of the poiſon'd cup
From foreign plant diſtill'd! no more repine
That *Nature*, ſparing of her ſacred ſweets,
Hath doom'd you in a wilderneſs to dwell,
While round Britannia's ſtreams ſhe kindly rears
Green *Sage* and *Wild Thyme*—Theſe were ſure decreed
As plants of *Britain* to regale her ſons
With native moiſture, more refreſhing ſweet,
And more profuſe of health and vigour's balm,
Than all the ſtems that *India* can boaſt.

THE

THE SOW OF FEELING.

Well! I proteſt there's no ſuch thing as dealing
With theſe ſtarch'd poets—with theſe MEN of FEELING!
EPILOGUE *to the* PRINCE *of* TUNIS.

MALIGNANT planets! do ye ſtill combine
Againſt this wayward, dreary life of mine!
Has pityleſs Oppreſſion—(cruel caſe!)
Gain'd ſole poſſeſſion of the human race?
By cruel hands has ev'ry virtue bled,
And innocency from men to vultures fled!
Thrice happy had I liv'd in Jewiſh time,
When ſwallowing pork or pig was thought a crime;
My huſband long had bleſt my longing arms,
Long, long had known Love's ſympathetic charms!
My children too—a little ſuckling race,
With all their father growing in their face,
From their prolific *dam* had ne'er been torn,
Nor to the bloody ſtalls of butchers borne.
Ah! Luxury! to you my being owes
Its load of miſery—its load of woes!
With heavy heart I ſaunter all the day,
Gruntle and murmur all my hours away!
In vain I try to ſummon old Deſire,
For fav'rite ſports—for wallowing in the mire:
Thoughts of my huſband—of my children ſlain,
Turn all my wonted pleaſure into pain!
How oft did we, in Phœbus' warning ray,
Baſk on the humid ſoftneſs of the clay!

Oft

Oft did his luſty *head* defend my *tail*
From the rude whiſpers of the angry gale;
While *noſe-refreſhing* puddles ſtream'd around,
And floating odours hail'd the *dung-clad* ground.
Near by a ruſtic mill's inchanting clack,
Where plenteous buſhels load the *peaſant's* back,
In *ſtraw-crown'd hovel*, there to life we came,
One *boar* our father, and one *ſow* our dam:
While tender infants on their mother's breaſt,
A flame divine on either ſhone confeſt;
In riper hours Love's more than ardent blaze
Inkindled all his paſſion, all his praiſe!
No deadly, ſinful paſſion fir'd his ſoul,
Virtue o'er all his actions gain'd controul!
That *cherub* which attracts the female heart,
And makes them ſooneſt with their beauty part,
Attracted mine;—I gave him all my love,
In the receſſes of a verdant grove:
'Twas there I liſt'ned to his warmeſt vows,
Amidſt the pendant melancholy boughs;
'Twas there my truſty lover ſhook for me
A ſhow'r of *acorns* from the *oaken* tree;
And from the teeming earth, with joy, plough'd out
The root ſalubrious with his hardy ſnout.
But happineſs, a floating meteor thou!
That ſtill inconſtant art to man and ſow,
Left us in gloomieſt *horrors* to reſide,
Near by the deep-dy'd *ſanguinary tide*,
Where whetting *ſteel* prepares the butch'ring knives,
With greater eaſe to take the harmleſs lives

Of

Of *cows*, and *calves*, and *ſheep*, and *hog*, who fear
The bite of bull-dogs, that inceſſant tear
Their fleſh, and keenly ſuck the blood-ſtilling ear!

At length the day, th' eventful day drew near,
Deteſted cauſe of many a briny tear!
I'll weep till ſorrow ſhall my eye-lids drain,
A tender huſband, and a brother ſlain!
Alas! the lovely languor of his eye,
When the baſe murd'rers bore him captive by!
His mournful voice! the muſic of his groans,
Had melted any hearts—but hearts of ſtones!
O! had ſome angel at that inſtant come,
Giv'n me four nimble fingers and a thumb,
The blood-ſtain'd blade I'd turn'd upon his foe,
And ſudden ſent him to the ſhades below—
Where, or *Pythagoras'* opinion jeſts,
Beaſts are made *butchers*—butchers chang'd to *beaſts*.

In early times the law had wiſe decreed,
For human food but reptiles few ſhould bleed;
But monſtrous man, ſtill erring from the laws,
The curſe of heaven on his banquet draws!
Already has he drain'd the marſhes dry
For *frogs*, new emblems of his luxury;
And ſoon the *toad* and *lizard* will come home,
Pure victims to the hungry glutton's womb:
Cats, *rats* and *mice*, their deſtiny may mourn,
In time their carcaſſes on ſpits muſt turn;
They may rejoice to-day—while I reſign
Life to be number'd 'mong'ſt the *feeling ſwine*.

An EXPEDITION *to* FIFE *and the Iſland of* MAY,

On board the BLESSED ENDEAVOUR *of* Dunbar,
Captain ROXBURGH *Commander.*

LIST, O ye ſlumb'rers on the peaſeful ſhore!
Whoſe lives are one unvariegated calm
Of ſtillneſs and of ſloth: and hear, O nymph!
In heav'n yclept *Pleaſure:* from your throne
Effulgent ſend a heav'nly radiant beam,
That, cheer'd by thee, the *Muſe* may bend her way;
For from no earthly flight ſhe builds her ſong,
But from the boſom of green Neptune's main
Would fain emerge, and under *Phœbe*'s reign,
Tranſmit her numbers to inclining ears.

Now when the choiring ſongſters quit the groves,
And ſolemn ſounding whiſpers lull the ſpray,
To Meditation ſacred, let me roam
O'er the bleſt floods that waſh our natal ſhore,
And view the wonders of the deep profound,
While now the weſtern breezes reign around,
And Boreas, ſleeping in his iron cave,
Regains his ſtrength and animated rage,
To wake new *tempeſts* and inſwell new *ſeas.*

And now *Favonius* wings the ſprightly gale;
The willing canvas, ſwelling with the breeze,
Gives life and motion to our bounding prow,
While the hoarſe *boatſwains*'s pipe ſhrill ſounding fat,
Calls all the tars to action. *Hardy ſons!*

Who

Who ſhudder not at life's devouring gales,
But ſmile amidſt the tempeſt-ſounding jars,
Or 'mid'ſt the hollow thunders of the war:
Freſh ſprung from *Greenland*'s cold, they hail with joy
The happier clime, the freſh autumnal breeze,
By *Syrus* guided to allay the heat,
That elſe would parch the vigour of their veins.
Hard change, alas! from petrifying cold
Inſtant to plunge to the ſevereſt ray
That burning *Dog-ſtar* or bright *Phœbus* ſheds.
Like *comet* whirling thro' th' etherial void,
Now they are redden'd with the ſolar blaze,
Now froze and tortur'd with the frigid zone.
Thrice happy Britons! whoſe well-temper'd clay
Can face all climes, all tempeſts, and all ſeas.
Theſe are the ſons that check the growing war;
Theſe are the ſons that hem *Britannia* round
From ſudden innovation; awe the ſhores,
And make their drooping pendants hail her queen
And miſtreſs of the globe.—They guard our beds,
While fearleſs we enjoy ſecure repoſe,
And all the bleſſings of a bounteous ſky.
To them in fev'rous adoration bend,
Ye faſhion'd *Macaronies!* whoſe bright blades
Were never dimm'd or ſtain'd in hoſtile blood,
But ſtill hang dangling at your feeble thigh,
While thro' the *Mall* or *Park* you ſhew away,
Or thro' the drawing-room on tiptoe ſteal.
On poop aloft, to *meſſmates* laid along,
Some ſon of Neptune, whoſe old wrinkl'd brow

Has

Has bay'd the ratling thunder, tell's his tale
Of dangers, ſieges, and of battles dire,
While they, elate with ſucceſs of the day,
Cheer him with happy ſmiles, or bitter ſighs,
When Fortune with a ſourer aſpect grins.
Ah! how unſtable are the joys of life!
The pleaſures, ah! how few!—Now ſmile the ſkies
With viſage mild, and now the thunders ſhake,
And all the radiance of the heav'ns deflow'r.
Thro' the ſmall op'nings of the mainſail broad,
Lo, *Boreas* ſteals, and tears him from the yard,
Where long and laſting he has play'd his part!
So ſuffers *Virtue*. When in her fair form
The ſmalleſt flaw is found, the whole decays.
In vain ſhe may implore with peteous eye,
And ſpread her naked pinions to the blaſt:
A reputation maim'd finds no repair,
Till Death, the ghaſtly monarch, ſhuts the ſcene.
And now we gain the *May*, whoſe midnight light,
Like veſtal virgins' off'rings undecay'd,
To mariners bewilder'd acts the part
Of ſocial Friendſhip, guiding thoſe who err
With kindly radiance to their deſtin'd port.
Thanks, kindeſt Nature! for thoſe floating gems,
Thoſe green-grown iſles, with which you laviſh ſtrew
Great Neptune's empire. But for thee! the main
Were an uncomfortable mazy flood.
No guidance then would bleſs the ſteerſman's ſkill,
No reſting-place would crown the mar'ner's wiſh,
When he to diſtant gales his canvaſs ſpreads

To ſearch new wonders.—Here the verdant ſhores
Teem with new freſhneſs, and regale our ſight
With caves that antient Time, in days of yore,
Sequeſter'd for the haunt of *Druid* lone,
There to remain in ſolitary cell,
Beyond the pow'r of mortals to disjoin
From holy meditation.—Happy now
To caſt our eyes around from ſhore to ſhore,
While by the oozy caverns on the beech
We wander wild, and liſten to the roar
Of billows murm'ring with inceſſant noiſe.

And now, by Fancy led, we wander wild
Where o'er the rugged ſteep the buried dead
Remote lie anchor'd in their parent mould;
Where a few fading willows point the ſtate
Of man's decay. Ah, Death! where'er we fly,
Whether we ſeek the buſy and the gay,
The mourner or the joyful, there art thou.
No diſtant iſle, no ſurly ſwelling surge,
E'er aw'd thy progreſs, or controul'd thy ſway,
To bleſs us with that comfort, *length of days*,
By all aſpir'd at, but by few attain'd.

To *Fife* we ſteer, of all beneath the ſun
The moſt unhallow'd 'midſt the *Scotian* plains?
And here, ſad emblem of deceitful times!
Hath ſad Hypocriſy her ſtandard borne.
Mirth knows no reſidence, but ghaſtly Fear
Stands trembling and appall'd at airy ſights.
ONCE, *only once!* Reward it, O ye Pow'rs!
Did *Hoſpitality*, with open face,

And winning ſmile, cheer the deſerted ſight
That elſe had languiſh'd for the bleſt return
Of beauteous day, to diſſipate the clouds
Of endleſs night, and ſuperſtition wild,
That conſtant hover o'er the dark abode.
O happy *Lothian!* Happy thrice her ſons!
Who ne'er yet ventur'd from the ſouthern ſhore
To tempt Misfortune on the *Fifan* coaſt
Again with thee we dwell and taſte thy joys,
Where Sorrow reigns not, and where ev'ry gale
Is fraught with fullneſs, bleſt with living hope,
That fears no canker from the year's decay.

TO SIR JOHN FIELDING,

On His Attempt to Suppreſs THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

When you cenſure the age,
Be cautious and ſage,
Leſt the courtiers offended ſhould be;
When you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis ſo pat to all the tribe,
Each cries, It was levell'd at me.

GAY.

'Tis woman that ſeduces all mankind.

FILCH.

BENEATH what cheerful region of the ſky
Shall *Wit*, ſhall *Humour*, and the *Muſes* fly?
For *our*'s, a cold, inhoſpitable clime,
Refuſes quarter to the Muſe and Rhime;

If on her brows an envy'd laurel ſprings,
They ſhake its foliage, crop her growing wings,
That with the *plumes* of virtue wiſely ſoar,
And all the follies of the age explore.
But ſhould old *Grub* her rankeſt venom pour,
And ev'ry virtue with a vice deflow'r,
Her verſe is ſacred, *Juſtices* agree,—
Ev'n *Juſtice Fielding* ſigns the wiſe decree.

Let fortune-dealers, wiſe predictors! tell
From what bright planet *Juſtice Fielding* fell;
Auguſta trembles at the awful name;
The darling tongue of Liberty is tame,
Baſely confin'd by him in *Newgate* chains,
Nor dare exclaim how harſhly *Fielding* reigns.

In days when ev'ry *mercer* has his *ſcale*
To tell what *pieces lack*, how few *prevail!*
I wonder not the low-born menial trade
By partial *Juſtice* has aſide been laid:
For ſhe gives no diſcount for *Virtue* worn,
Her aged joints are without mercy torn.

In vain, O GAY! thy muſe explor'd the way
Of Yore to baniſh the Italian lay,
Gave homely numbers ſweet, tho' warmly ſtrong;
The *Britiſh chorus* bleſt the happy ſong:
Thy manly voice and *Albion*'s then were heard,
Felt by her ſons, and by her ſons rever'd:
Eunuchs, not *men*, now bear aloft the palm,
And o'er our ſenſes pour lethargic balm.

The *Stage* the trueſt mirror is of life;
Our paſſions there revolve in active ſtrife;

Each character is there display'd to view;
Each hates his own, tho' well assur'd 'tis true.
No marvel then that all the world should own,
In *Peachum*'s treach'ry *Justice Fielding* known,
Since thieves so common are, and, Justice, you
Thieves to the *gallows* for reward pursue.
Had GAY by writing rous'd the stealing trade,
You'd been less active to suppress your bread;
For, trust me! when a *robber* losses ground,
You lose your living with your *forty pound*.

'Twas *Woman* first that snatch'd the luring bait,
The tempter taught her to transgress and eat;
Tho' wrong the deed, her quick compunction told,
She banish'd ADAM from an age of *gold*.

When women now transgress fair Virtue's rules,
Men are their pupils, and the stews their schools;
From simple wh—d—m greater sins began
To shoot, to bloom, to center all in man;
Footpads on *Hounslow* flourish here to-day,
The next *old Tyburn* sweeps them all away;
For woman's faults, the cause of ev'ry wrong!
Men robb'd and murder'd, thieves at *Tyburn* strung.
In panting breasts to raise the fond alarm,
Make females in the cause of Virtue warm,
GAY has compar'd them to the summer flow'r,
The boast and glory of an idle hour;
When cropt it falls, shrinks, withers, and decays,
And to oblivion dark configns its days.

Hath this a pow'r to win the female heart
Back from its vice, from virtue ne'er to part;

If

If ſo the wayward virgin will reſtore,
And *murders*, *rapes*, and *plunders* be no more.
Theſe were the lays of him who virtue knew,
Rever'd her dictates, and practis'd them too;
No idle theoriſt in her ſtainleſs ways,
He gave the parent Goddeſs all his days.
O *Queenſberry!* his beſt and earlieſt friend,
ALL that his wit or learning could command;
Beſt of *patrons!* the Muſe's only pride!
Still in her pageant ſhalt thou firſt preſide;
No idle pomp that riches can procure,
Sprung at a ſtart, and faded in an hour,
But pageant, laſting as the uncropt bay,
That verdant triumphs with the Muſe of GAY.

TO DR SAMUEL JOHNSON:—

Food for a new Edition of his DICTIONARY.

Let WILKES and CHURCHILL rage no more,
Tho' ſcarce proviſion, learning's good;
What can theſe hungries next explore,
E'en SAMUEL JOHNSON loves our food.

GREAT *pedagogue*, whoſe literarian lore,
With *ſyllable* and *ſyllable* conjoin'd,
To tranſmutate and varify, has learn'd
The whole revolving ſcientific names
That in the alphabetic columns lie,
Far from the knowledge of mortal ſhapes;

As we, who never can peroculate
The miracles by thee miraculiz'd,
The Muſe ſilential long, with mouth apert,
Would give vibration to ſtagnatic tongue,
And loud encomiate thy puiſſant name,
Eulogiated from the green decline
Of Thames's banks to Scoticanian ſhores,
Where *Loch-lomondian* liquids undulize.
To meminate thy name in after times,
The mighty Mayor of each regalian town
Shall conſignate thy work to parchment fair
In roll burgharian, and their tables all
Shall fumigate with fumigation ſtrong:
Scotland, from perpendicularian hills,
Shall emigrate her fair *muttonian* ſtore,
Which late had there in pedeſtration walk'd,
And o'er her airy heights perambuliz'd.
Oh, blackeſt execrations on thy head,
Edina ſhameleſs! tho' he came within
The bounds of your *Notation*; tho' you knew
His *honorific* name, you noted not,
But baſely ſuffer'd him to chariotize
Far from your tow'rs, with ſmoke that nubilate,
Nor drank one amicitial ſwelling cup
To welcome him convivial. *Bailies* all!
With rage inflated, catenations * tear,
Nor ever after you be vinculiz'd,
Since you that ſociability denied
To him whoſe potent Lexiphanian ſtile
Words

* Catenations, *vide* Chains. JOHNSON.

Words can *prolongate*, and inſwell his page
With what in others to a line's confind.
Welcome, thou verbal potentate and prince!
To hills and vallies, where emerging oats
From earth aſſuage our pauperty to bay,
And bleſs thy name, thy dictionarian ſkill,
Which there definitive will ſtill remain,
And oft be ſpeculiz'd by taper blue,
While youth *ſtudentious* turn thy folio page.
Have you as yet, in per'patetic mood,
Regarded with the texture of the eye
The *cave cavernick*, where fraternal bard,
Churchill, depicted pauperated ſwains,
With thraldom and bleak want reducted ſore;
Where nature, coloriz'd, ſo coarſely fades,
And puts her ruſſet paſ'phernalia on?
Have you as yet the way explorified
To let lignarian chalice, ſwell'd with oats,
Thy orifice approach? Have you as yet,
With ſkin freſh rubified by ſcarlet ſpheres,
Apply'd *brimſtonic unction* to your hide,
To terrify the *ſalamandrian* fire
That from involuntary digits aſks
The ſtrong allaceration?—Or can you ſwill
The *uſquebalian* flames of *whiſky* blue
In fermentation ſtrong? Have you applied
The kelt aerian to your Anglian thighs,
And with renunciation aſſigniz'd
Your breeches in *Londona* to be worn?
Can you, in frigor of Highlandian ſky,

On

On heathy ſummits take nocturnal reſt?
It cannot be—You may as well deſire
An alderman leave *plumb-puddenian* ſtore,
And ſcratch the tegument from pottage diſh,
As bid thy countrymen, and thee conjoin'd,
Forſake ſtomachic joys. Then hie you home,
And be a malcontent, that naked hinds,
On lentiles fed, can make your kingdom quake,
And tremulate old England libertiz'd!

CHARACTER OF A FRIEND,

In an EPITAPH *which he deſired the Author to write.*

UNDER this turf, to mould'ring earth conſign'd,
Lies he, who once was fickle as the wind.
Alike the ſcenes of good and ill he knew,
From the chaſte temple to the lewdeſt ſtew.
Virtue and vice in him alternate reign'd;
That fill'd his mind, and this his pocket draind.
Till in the conteſt they ſo ſtubborn grew,
Death gave the parting blow, and both withdrew.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr WILSON, *at the Theatre-Royal, in the Character of an* EDINBURGH BUCK.

YE who oft finiſh care in Lethie's cup,
Who love to ſwear, and roar and *keep it up*,

Liſt

Liſt to a brother's voice, whoſe ſole delight
Is *ſleep* all day, and *riot* all the night.
Laſt night, when potent draughts of mellow wine
Did ſober reaſon into wit refine;
When luſty *Bacchus* had contriv'd to drain
The ſullen vapours from our ſhallow brain,
We ſallied forth (for Valour's dazzling ſun
Up to his bright meridian had run);
And like renowned Quixotte and his ſquire;
Spoils and adventures were our ſole deſire.
Firſt we approach'd a ſeeming ſober dame,
Preceded by a lanthorn's pallid flame,
Borne by a livry'd puppy's ſervile hand,
The ſlave obſequious of her ſtern command.
Curſe on thoſe cits, ſaid I, who dare diſgrace
Our ſtreets at midnight with a ſober face;
Let never tallow chandler give them light,
To guide them thro' the dangers of the night.
The valet's cane we ſnatch'd, and, damme! I
Made the frail lanthorn on the pavement lie.
The guard, ſtill watchful of the lieges' harm,
With ſlow pac'd motion ſtalk'd at the alarm.
Guard, ſeize the rogues! the angry madam cry'd,
And all the guard with *ſieze ta rogue* reply'd.
As in a war, there's nothing judg'd ſo right
As a concerted and prudential flight;
So we, from guard and ſcandal to be freed,
Left them the field, and burial of the dead.
Next we approach'd the bounds of *George's ſquare*,
Bleſt place! No watch, no conſtable, comes there.

Now

Now had they borrow'd *Argus'* eyes who ſaw us,
All was made dark and deſolate as chaos:
Lamps tumbl'd after lamps, and loſt there luſtres,
Like doomſday, when the ſtars ſhall fall in cluſters.
Let fancy paint what dazzling glory grew
From chryſtal gems, when Phœbus came in view;
Each ſhatterd *orb* ten thouſand fragments ſtrews,
And a new ſun in ev'ry fragment ſhews.
Hear then, my Bucks! how drunken fate decreed us
For a nocturnal viſit to the *Meadows*,
And how we, val'rous champions! durſt engage—
O deed unequall'd—both the *Bridge* and *Cage*;
The rage of per'lous winters which had ſtood,
This 'gainſt the wind, and that againſt the flood; (e'er,
But what nor wind, nor flood, nor heav'n could bend
We tumbl'd down, my Bucks, and made ſurrender.
What are your far-fam'd warriors to us,
'Bout whom hiſtorians make ſuch mighty fuſs;
Poſterity may think it was uncommon
That *Troy* ſhould be pillag'd for a woman;
But ours your ten years ſieges will excel,
And juſtly be eſteem'd the nonpareil.
Our cauſe is ſlighter than a dame's betrothing,
For all theſe mighty feats have ſprung from—*nothing*.

SONG.

WHERE winding Forth adorns the vale,
Fond *Strephon*, once a ſhepherd gay,

Did

Did to the rocks his lot bewail,
And thus addreſs'd his plaintive lay:
" O Julia! more than lily fair,
" More blooming than the budding roſe,
" How can thy breaſt relentleſs bear
" A heart more cold than winter's ſnows.

II.

" Yet nipping winter's keeneſt ſway
" But for a ſhort-liv'd ſpace prevails;
" Spring-time returns and cheers each ſpray,
" Scented with *Flora*'s fragrant gales.
" Come, Julia, come, thy love obey,
" Thou miſtreſs of angelic charms!
" Come ſmiling like the morn in May,
" And center in thy Strephon's arms.

III.

" Elſe haunted by the fiend Deſpair,
" He'll court ſome ſolitary grove,
" Where mortal foot did ne'er repair,
" But ſwains oppreſs'd by hapleſs love.
" From the once pleaſing rural throng
" Remov'd, he'll thro' the deſart ſtray,
" Where Philomela's mournful ſong
" Shall join his melancholy lay."

SONG.

AMIDST a roſy bank of flowers,
Young Damon mourn'd his forlorn fate;

In-

In ſighs he ſpent his languid hours,
And breath'd his woes in lonely ſtate.

Gay Joy no more ſhall cheer his mind,
No wanton ſports can ſoothe his care,
Since ſweet Amanda prov'd unkind,
And left him full of black deſpair.

His looks that were as freſh as morn
Can now no longer ſmiles impart;
His penſive ſoul, on ſadneſs born,
Is rack'd and torn by Cupid's dart.

Turn, fair Amanda! cheer your ſwain,
Unſhroud him from his veil of woe;
Range every charm to eaſe the pain
That in his tortur'd breaſt doth grow.

EPITAPH ON GENERAL WOLFE.

IN worth exceeding, and in virtue great,
Words would want force his actions to relate.
Silence, ye bards! eulogiums vain forbear,
It is enough to ſay that WOLFE *lies here.*

EPIGRAM *on the numerous* EPITAPHS *for General* WOLFE; *for the beſt of which a Premium of One Hundred Pounds was promiſed.*

THE Muſe, a ſhameleſs mercenary jade!
Has now aſſum'd the arch-tongue'd lawyer's trade:

In

In WOLFE's deſerving praiſes ſilent ſhe,
Till flatter'd with the proſpect of a fee.

EXTEMPORE,

On ſeeing STANZAS *addreſſed to Mrs* HARTLEY *Comedian, wherein ſhe is deſcribed as reſembling* MARY *Queen of* SCOTS.

HARTLEY reſembles Scotland's Queen,
Some bard enraptur'd cries;
A flattering bard he is, I ween,
Or elſe the PAINTER LIES.

On ſeeing a LADY *paint herſelf.*

WHEN, by ſome miſadventure croſs'd,
The banker hath his fortune loſt,
Credit his inſtant need ſupplies,
And for a moment blinds our eyes:
So *Delia*, when her beauty's flown,
Trades on a bottom not her own,
And labours to eſcape detection,
By putting on a falſe complexion.

On being aſked which of three SISTERS *was the moſt beautiful.*

WHEN *Paris* gave his voice, in Ida's grove,
For the reſiſtleſs Venus, queen of love,

'Twas no great taſk to paſs a judgment there,
Where ſhe alone was exquiſitely fair;
But here what could his ableſt judgment teach,
When wiſdom, power, and beauty reign in each;
The youth, nonplus'd, behov'd to join with me,
And wiſh the apple had been cut in three.

On the Death of Mr THOMAS LANCASHIRE, *Comedian.*

ALAS, poor Tom! how oft, with merry heart,
Have we beheld thee play the Sexton's part!
Each comic heart muſt now be griev'd to ſee
The Sexton's dreary part perform'd on thee.

EPIGRAM,

On ſeeing Scales uſed in a MASON LODGE.

WHY ſhould the brethren met in Lodge
Adopt ſuch aukward meaſures,
To ſet their ſcales and weights to judge
The value of their treaſures?

The law laid down from age to age,
How can they well o'ercome it?
For it forbids them to engage
With aught but Line and Plummet.

MY

MY LAST WILL.

WHILE ſober folks, in humble *proſe*,
Eſtate, and goods, and gear diſpoſe,
A poet ſurely may diſperſe
His *moveables* in *doggrel verſe*;
And fearing death my blood will faſt chill,
I hereby conſtitute my laſt *will*.

Then *wit ye me* to have made o'er
To *Nature* my *poetic* lore;
To her I give and grant the freedom
Of paying to the bards who need 'em
As many talents as ſhe gave,
When I became the Muſe's ſlave.

Thanks to the god, who made me poor!
No *lukewarm* friends moleſt my door,
Who always ſhew a buſy care
For being legatee or heir:
Of this ſtamp none will ever follow
The youth that's favour'd by Apollo.

But to thoſe few who know my caſe,
Nor thought a *poet's friend diſgrace*,
The following trifles I bequeathe,
And leave them with my kindeſt breath;
Nor will I burden them with payment
Of debts incurr'd, or coffin raiment,
As yet 'twas never my intent
To paſs an Iriſh compliment.

To

To JAMIE RAE*, who oft *jocoſus*
With me partook of cheering doſes,
I leave my SNUFF-BOX to regale
His ſenſes after drowſy meal,
And wake remembrance of a friend
Who lov'd him to his latter end:
But if this pledge ſhou'd make him ſorry,
And argue like *memento mori*,
He may bequeath't 'mong ſtubborn fellows,
To all the finer feelings callous,
Who thinks that parting breath's a ſneeze
To ſet ſenſations all at eaſe.

To OLIPHANT†, my friend, I legate
Thoſe ſcrolls poetic which he may get,
With ample freedom to correct
Thoſe writs I ne'er could retroſpect,
With power to him and his ſucceſſion
To print and ſell a new impreſſion:
And here I fix on *Oſſian's head*
A domicile for Doric reed,
With as much power *ad Muſæ bona*
As I *in propria perſona*.

To HAMILTON* I give the taſk
Outſtanding debts to crave and aſk;
And that my Muſe he may not dub ill,
For loading him with ſo much trouble,
My debts I leave him *ſingulatim*,
As they are moſtly *deſperatim*.

To

* Solicitors at law, and the Poet's intimate friends.

† Late Bookſeller in Edinburgh.

To WOODS, whose genius can provoke
His passions to the bowl or sock,
For love to thee, and to the nine,
Be my immortal Shakespeare thine:
Here may you thro' the alleys turn,
Where Falstaff laughs, where heroes mourn,
And boldly catch the glowing fire
That dwells in raptures on his lyre.

Now at my dirge (if dirge there be!)
Due to the Muse and poetry,
Let HUTCHISON * attend, for none is
More fit to guide the ceremonies;
As I in health with him would often
This clay-built mansion wash and soften,
So let my friends with him partake
The gen'rous wine at dirge or wake.—

And I consent to registration
Of this my will for preservation,
That patent it may be, and seen
In WALTER'S Weekly Magazine.
Witness whereof, these presents wrote are
By *William Blair*, the public notar,
And for the tremor of my hand,
Are sign'd by him at my command.

R. F. † *his Mark.*

CODICILE *to* ROB. FERGUSSON'S *Last Will.*

WHEREAS, by test'ment, dated *blank*,
Inroll'd in the poetic rank,

* A Tavern-keeper.

'Midst brighter themes that weekly come
To make parade at * *Walter's* DRUM,
I there, for certain weighty cauſes,
Produc'd ſome kind bequeathing clauſes,
And left to friends (as 'tis the cuſtom
With nothing till our death to truſt 'em)
Some tokens of a pure regard
From one who liv'd and died a Bard.

If *poverty* has any crime in
Teaching mankind the art of rhiming,
Then, by theſe preſents, know all mortals
Who come within the Muſe's *portal's*,
That I approve my will aforeſaid,
But think that ſomething might be more ſaid,
And only now would humbly ſeek
The liberty to add and eik
To teſt'ment which already made is,
And duly regiſter'd, as ſaid is.

To TULLOCH†, who, in kind compaſſion,
Departed from the common faſhion,
And gave to me, who never paid it,
Two flaſks of port upon my credit;
I leave the FLASKS as full of air
As his of ruddy moiſture were;
Nor let him to complain begin,
He'll get no more of cat than ſkin.

To WALTER RUDDIMAN, whoſe pen
Still ſcreen'd me from the *Dunce's Den*,

* The Publiſher of the Weekly Magazine.

† A wine merchant.

I leave of phiz a picture, ſaying
To him the freedom of engraving
There from a copy to embelliſh,
And give his work a ſmarter reliſh;
For prints and frontiſpieces *bind do*
Our eyes to ſtationary window,
As ſuperfluities in cloaths
Set off and ſignalize the beaux;
Not that I think in readers' eyes
My viſage will be deem'd a prize;
But works that others would out-rival,
At glaring copperplates connive all;
And prints do well with him that led is
To ſhun the ſubſtance, hunt the ſhadows;
For if a picture, 'tis enough,
A NEWTON or a *Jamie Duff**.
Nor would I recommend to WALTER,
This ſcheme of copperplates to alter,
Since others at the ſamen prices
Propoſe to give a diſh that nice is,
Folks will deſert his ordinary,
Unleſs, like theirs, his diſhes vary.
To WILLIAMSON†, and his reſetters,
Diſperſing of the burial letters,
That they may paſs with little coſt
Fleet on the wings of Penny-Poſt;
Always providing and declaring,
That PETER ſhall be ever ſparing

To

* A Fool who attends at Funerals.

† The Penny-Poſt Maſter.

To make, *as ufe is*, the demand
For letters that may come to hand,
To me addreſs'd, while *locum tenens*
Of *earth* and of *corporeal penance*;
Where, if he fail, it is my will,
His legacy is *void* and *null*.

Let honeſt GREENLAW* be the ſtaff
On which I lean for *Epitaph*.
And that the Muſes at my end
May know I had a learned friend,
Whate'er of character he's ſeen
In me thro' humour or chagrin,
I crave his genius may narrate in
The ſtrength of *Ciceronian Latin*.

RESERVING to myſelf the pow'r
To alter this at lateſt hour,
Cum privilegio revocare
Without aſſigning *ratio quare*:
And I (as in the will before did)
Conſent this deed ſhall be recorded:
In teſtimonium cujus rei,
Theſe preſents are deliver'd by

R. FERGUSSON.

* An excellent Claſſical Scholar.

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END OF PART FIRST.

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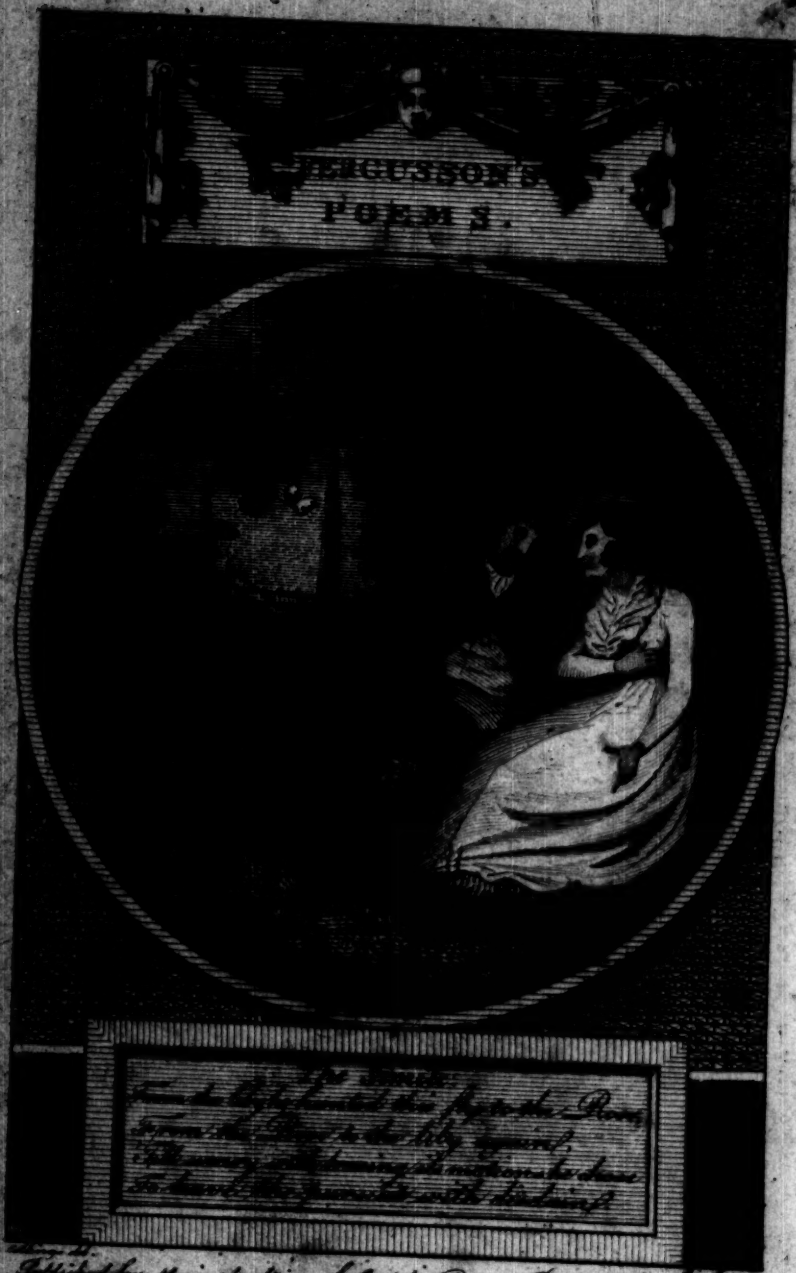

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POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS

BY

R. FERGUSSON.

IN TWO PARTS.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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POEMS
ON
VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

PART II.

AN ECLOGUE.

'TWAS e'ening whan the ſpreckled gowdſpink ſang,
Whan new-fa'en dew in blobs o' chryſtal hang;
Than *Will* and *Sandie* thought they'd wrought eneugh,
And loos'd their fair toil'd owſen frae the pleugh:
Before they ca'd their beaſts unto the town,
The lads to draw their breath e'en ſat them down:
To the ſtiff ſturdy ark they lean their backs,
While honeſt Sandy thus begins the cracks.

San. Aince I could hear the laverock's ſhrill-tun'd throat,
And liſten to the clattering gowdſpink's note;
Aince I could whiſtle cantily as they,
To owſen, as they till'd my ruggit clay;
But now I wou'd as leive maiſt lend my lugs
To tuneleſs puddocks croaking i' the bogs;
I ſigh at hame, a-field am dowie too,
To ſowſ a tune I'll never crook my mou.

Wil. Foul fa me gif your bridal had na been
Nae langer bygane than fin' Hallow-e'en,
I cou'd hae tell'd you but a warlock's art,
That ſome daft lyghtlyin quean had ſtow'n your heart;
Our beiſties here will tak their e'ening pluck,
An' now ſin' Jock's gane hame the byres to muck,
Fain would I houp my friend will be inclin'd
To gie me a' the ſecrets o' his mind:
Heh! Sandie, lad, what dool's come owr ye now,
That you to whiſtle ne'er will crook your mou.

San. Ah! Willie, Willie, I may date my wae
Frae what beted me on my bridal day;
Sair may I rue the hour in which our hands
Were knit thegither in the haly bands;
Sin' that I thrave ſae ill, in troth I fancy,
Some fiend or fairy, nae ſae very chancy,
Has driven me, by pauky wiles uncommon,
To wed this ſliting fury of a woman.

Wil. Ah! Sandie, aften hae I heard you tell,
Amang the laſſes a' ſhe bure the bell;
And ſay, the modeſt glances o' her ein
Far dang the brighteſt beauties o' the green;
You ca'd her ay ſae innocent, ſae young,
I thought ſhe kent na how to uſe her tongue.

San. Before I married her, I'll tak my aith,
Her tongue was never louder than her breath;
But now its turn'd ſae ſouple and ſae bauld,
That Job himſell could ſcarcely thole the ſcauld.

Wil. Lat her yelp on, be you as calm's a mouſe,
Nor lat your whiſht be heard into the houſe;

Do what ſhe can, or be as loud's ſhe pleaſe,
Ne'er mynd her flytes, but ſet your heart at eaſe.
Sit down and blaw your pipe, nor fauſh your thumb,
An' there's my hand ſhe'll tire, and ſoon ſing dumb;
Sooner ſhou'd Winter's cald confine the ſea,
An' lat the ſma'eſt o' our burns rin free:
Sooner at Yule-day ſhall the birk be dreſt,
Or birds in ſapleſs buſſes big their neſt,
Before a tonguey woman's noiſy plea
Shou'd ever be a cauſe to danton me.

San. Weel cou'd I this abide, but oh! I fear
I'll ſoon be twin'd o' a' my warldly gear;
My kirnſtaff now ſtands gizzen'd at the door,
My cheeſe-rack toom that ne'er was toom before;
My ky may now rin rowtin' to the hill,
And on the naked yird their milkneſs ſpill;
She ſeenil lays her hand upon a turn,
Neglects the kebbuck, and forgets the kirn;
I vow my hair-mould milk would poiſon dogs,
As it ſtand's lapper'd in the dirty cogs.
Before the ſeed I ſell'd my ferra cow,
An' wi' the profit coft a ſtane o' woo':
I thought, by priggin', that ſhe might hae ſpun
A plaidie, light, to ſcreen me frae the ſun;
But tho' the filler's ſcant, the cleedin' dear,
She has na ca'd about a wheel the year.
Laſt ouk but ane I was frae hame a day,
Buying a threave or twa o' bedding ſtrae:
O' ilka thing the woman had her will,
Had fouth o' meal to bake, and hens to kill;

But hyn awa' to Edinbrough scour'd she
To get a making o' her fav'rite tea;
And 'cause I left her nae the weary *clink*,
She pawn'd the very trunchers frae my bink.

Wil. Her tea! ah! wae betide sic costly gear,
Or them that ever wad the price o't spear.
Sin' my auld gutcher first the warld knew,
Fouk had na found the Indies whare it grew.
I mind mysell, it's nae sae lang sin' syne,
Whan Antie Marion did her stamack tyne,
That *Davis* our gard'ner came frae *Apple-bog*,
An' ga'e her tea to tack by way o' drog.

San Whan ilka herd for cauld his fingers rubs,
An' cakes o' ice are seen upo' the dubs;
At morning, whan frae pleugh or fauld I come,
I'll see a bra' reek rising frae my lum,
An' ablins think to get a rantin blaze,
To sley the frost awa', and tost my taes;
But whan I shoot my nose in, ten to ane
If I weelfardly see my ane hearth stane;
She round the ingle wi' her gimmers sits,
Crammin' their gabbies wi' her nicest bits,
While the gudeman out-by maun fill his crap
Frae the milk coggie, or the parritch cap.

Wil. Sandy, 'gif this were ony common plea,
I shou'd the lealest o' my counsel gie;
But mak or middle betwixt man an' wife,
Is what I never did in a' my life;
It's wearin' on now to the tail o' May,
An' just between the beer-seed and the hay;

As lang's an orrow morning may be spar'd,
Stap your wa's east the haugh, an' tell the laird;
For he's a man weel vers'd in a' the laws,
Kens baith their outs an' ins, their cracks an' flaws,
An' ay right gleg, whan things are out o' joint,
At sattlin o' a nice or kittle point.
But yonder's Jock, he'll ca' your owsen hame,
And tak thir tidings to your thrawart dame,
That ye're awa' ae peaceful meal to prie,
An' tak your supper kail or sow'ns wi' me.

AN ECLOGUE,

To the Memory of Dr WILLIAM WILKIE, *late Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of St* Andrew's.

GEORDIE AND DAVIE.

GEORDIE.

BLAW saft, my reed, and kindly to my maen,
Weel may ye thole a saft an' dowie strain;
Nae mair to you shall shepherds in a ring,
Wi' blythness skip, or lasses lilt an' sing;
Sic sorrow now maun sadden ilka eie,
An' ilka waefu' shepherd grieve wi' me.

Dav. Wharefor begin a sad an' dowie strain,
Or banish lilting frae the Fifan plain?

Tho' simpler's gone an' we nae langer view
The blades o' clover wat wi' pearls o' dew.
Cauld Winter's bleakest blasts we'll eithly cown,
Our eldin's driven, an' our har'st is own;
Our *rucks* fo' thick are stackit i' the yard,
For the *Yule-feast* a sautit mart's prepar'd;
The ingle-nook supplies the simmer fields,
An' aft as mony gleefu' maments yields.
Swyth man! sling a' your sleepy springs awa',
An' on your canty whistle gies a blaw:
Blythness, I trow, maun lighten ilka eie,
An' ilka canty callant sing like me.

Geo. Na, na! a canty spring wad now impart
Just threefald sorrow to my heavy heart.
Thof to the *weet* my ripen'd aits had fawn,
Or shake-winds own my rigs wi' pith had blawn,
To this I cou'd hae said, "I carena by,"
Nor fund occasion now my cheeks to dry.
Crosses like thae, or lake o' warld's gear,
Are nathing whan we tyne a friend that's dear.
Ah! waes me for you, *Willie!* mony a day
Did I wi' you on yon broom-thackit brae
Hound aff my sheep, an' lat them careless gang
To harken to your cheary tale or sang;
Sangs that for ay, on Caledonia's strand,
Shall sit the foremost 'mang her tunefu' band.

I dreamt yestreen his deadly *wraith* I saw
Gang by my ein as white's the driven snaw;
My *colley*, Ringie, youf'd an' yowl'd a' night,
Cour'd an' crap near me in an unco fright,

I waken'd ſley'd, an' ſhook baith lith and limb,
A cauldneſs took me, an' my ſight grew dim;
I kent that it for ſpack approachin' was,
When my poor doggie was diſturbit ſae.
Nae ſooner did the day begin to dawn,
Than I beyont the know ſu' ſpeedy gan,
Whare I was keppit wi' the heavy tale
That ſets ilk dowie ſangſter to bewail.

Dav. An' whan on Fifan hills can weel refuſe
To gie the tear o' tribute to his Muſe?
Farewell ilk cheery ſpring, ilk canty note,
Be daffin an' ilk idle play forgot;
Bring, ilka herd, the mournfu', mournfu' boughs,
Roſemary ſad, and ever-dreary yews,
Thae lat be ſteepit in the ſaut, ſaut tear,
To weet wi' hallow'd drap this ſacred bier,
Whaſe ſangs will ay in Scotland be revered,
While *flow-gaun ouſen* turn the flow'ry ſwaird;
While bonny *lambies* lick the dews of ſpring,
While *gaudſpeen* whiſtle, ob while *birdies* ſing.

Geo. 'Twas na for weel tim'd verſe or ſangs alane
He bore the bell frae ilka ſhepherd ſwain.
Nature to him had gi'en a kindly lore,
Deep a' her myſtic *ferlies* to explore:
For a' her ſecret workings he could gie
Reaſons that wi' her principles agree.
Ye ſaw yourſel how weel his *mailin'* thrave,
Ay better faugh'd an' ſnodit than the lave;
Lang had the *thriſtles* an' the *dockans* been
In uſe to wag their taps upo' the green,

Whare

Whare now his bonny rigs delight the view,
An' thriving hedges drink the caller dew?

Dav. They tell me, Geordie, he had ſic a gift,
That ſcarce a ſtarnie blinkit frae the lift,
But he wou'd ſome auld warld name for't find,
As gart him keep it freſhly in his mind:
For this ſome ca'd him an uncanny wight;
The clash gaed round, "he had the ſecond ſight;"
A tale that never fail'd to be the pride
O' grannies ſpinnin' at the ingle-ſide.

Geo. But now he's gane, an' Fame that, whan alive,
Scenil lats ony o' her votaries thrive,
Will frae his ſhinin' name a' motes withdraw,
And on her loudeſt trump his praiſes blaw.
Lang may his ſacred banes untroubled reſt!
Lang may his truſh in gowans gay be dreſt!
Scholars and bards *unheard of yet* ſhall come,
And ſtamp memorials on his graſſy tomb,
Which in yon ancient kirk-yard ſhall remain,
Fam'd as the urn that hads the MANTUAN *ſwain.*

ELEGY

* Dr Wilkie had a farm near St Andrew's, on which he made improvements.

ELEGY,

On the Death of Mr DAVID GREGORY, *late Professor of Mathematics in the University of St Andrew's.*

NOW mourn, ye college maſters a',
An' frae your ein a tear let fa',
Fam'd GREGORY death has ta'en awa'
Without remeid;
The ſkaith ye've met wi's nae that ſma',
Sin' Gregory's dead.

The ſtudents too will miſs him fair,
To ſchool them weel his eident care,
Now they may mourn for ever mair,
They hae great need;
They'll hip the maiſt ſek o' their lear,
Sin' Gregory's dead.

He could, by *Euclid*, prove lang ſine
A ganging *point* compos'd a line;
By numbers too he could divine,
Whan he did read,
That *three* times *three* juſt made up nine;
Bnt now he's dead.

In *Algebra* weel ſkill'd he was,
An' kent fu' weel *proportion*'s laws;
He cou'd mak clear baith B's and A's
Wi' his lang head;

Rin

Rin owr ſurd roots but cracks or ſlaws;
But now he's dead.
Weel vers'd was he in architecture,
An' kent the nature of the *ſactor*,
Upo' baith globes he weel cou'd lecture,
An' gar's tak heed;
O' geometry he was the *Hector*;
But now he's dead.

Sae weel's he'd ſley the ſtudents a',
Whan they were ſkelpin' at the ba',
They took leg-bail, and ran awa'
Wi' pith an' ſpeed;
We winna get a ſport ſae bra',
Sin' Gregory's dead.

Great 'caſion hae we a' to weep,
An' cleed our ſkins in mournin' deep,
For Gregory *death* will fairly keep
To tak his nap;
He'll till the reſurrection ſleep
As ſound's a tap.

THE DAFT DAYS.

NOW mirk December's dowie face
Glowrs owr the rigs wi' ſour grimace,

While

While, thro' his *minimum* o' ſpace,
The bleer-ey'd ſun,
Wi' blinkin light and ſtealing pace,
His race doth run.

Frae naked groves nae birdie ſings,
To ſhepherd's pipe nae hillock rings,
The breeze nae od'rous flavour brings
Frae *Borean* cave,
And dwynin Nature droops her wings,
Wi' viſage grave.

Mankind but ſcanty pleaſure glean
Frae ſnawy hill or barren plain,
Whan Winter, 'midſt his nipping train,
Wi' frozen ſpear,
Sends drift owr a' his bleak domain,
And guides the weir.

Auld Reikie! thou'rt the canty hole,
A bield for mony a cauldrife ſoul,
Wha ſnugly at thine ingle loll,
Baith warm and couth;
While round they gar the bicker roll,
To weet their mouth.

Whan merry *Yule-day* comes, I trow,
You'll ſcantlins fin' a hungry mou;
Sma' are our cares, our ſtamacks fou
O' guſty gear,

An' kickſhaws, ſtrangers to our view
Sin' Fairs yeart

Ye browſter wives, now buſk ye bra',
An' fling your ſorrows far awa';
Then come an' gie's the tither blaw
O' reaming ale,
Mair precious than the well o' *Spa*,
Our hearts to heal.

Then, tho' at odds wi' a' the warl',
Amang ourſels we'll never quarrel;
Tho' Diſcord gie a cankar'd ſnarl
To ſpoil our glee,
As lang's there pith into the barrel
We'll drink an' 'gree.

Fidlers, your pins in temper fix,
And roſet weel your fiddle-ſticks,
But baniſh vile Italian tricks
Frae out your quorum,
Nor *fortes* wi' *pianos* mix,
Gie's *Tulloch-Gorum*.

For nought can cheer the heart ſae weil
As can a canty Highland reel,
It even vivifies the heel
To ſkip and dance:
Lifeleſs is he wha canna feel
Its influence.

Let

Let mirth abound, let ſocial cheer
Inveſt the dawning of the year;
Let blitheſome innocence appear
To grown our joy,
Nor envy, wi' ſarcaſtic ſneer,
Our bliſs deſtroy.

And thou, great god of *Aqua Vitæ!*
Wha ſways the empire o' this city,
When ſou we're ſometimes capernoity,
Be thou prepar'd
To hedge us frae that black banditti,
The City-Guard.

THE KING's BIRTH-DAY IN EDINBURGH.

Oh! qualis hurly-burly fuit, ſi forte vidiſſet
POLEMO-MIDDINIA.

I SING the day ſae often ſung,
Wi' which our lugs hae yearly rang,
In whaſe loud praiſe the Muſe has dung
A' kind o' print;
But wow! the limmer's fairly ſlung;
There's nathing in't.

I'm fain to think the joy's the ſame,
In London town as here at hame,
Whare fouk o' ilka age and name,
Baith blind an' cripple,
Forgather aft, O fy for ſhame!
To drink an' tipple.

O *Muſe*, be kind, an' dinna faſh us
To flee awa' beyont Parnaſſus,
Nor ſeek for *Helicon* to waſh us
That heath'niſh ſpring;
Wi' Highland whiſky ſcour our hawſes,
An' gar us ſing.

Begin then, dame, ye've drunk your fill,
You woudna hae the tither gill?
You'll truſt me, mair would do you ill,
Ane ding you doit:
Troth 'twould be ſair againſt my will
To hae the wyte o't.

Sing then, how, on the *fourth* of June,
Our *bells* ſcreed aff a loyal tune,
Our ancient caſtle ſhoots at noon,
Wi' flag ſtaff bunkit,
Frae which the ſoger blades come down
To cock their munkets.

Oh willawins! Mons Meg, for you,
'Twas firing crack'd thy muckle mou;

What black mishanter gart ye spew
Baith gut and ga'!
I fear they bang'd thy belly fu'
Against the law.

Right seenil am I gi'en to bannin,
But, by my saul, ye was a cannon,
Cou'd hit a man had he been stannin
In shire o' Fife,
Sax lang Scots miles ayont *Clackmannan*,
An' tack his life.

The hills in terror wou'd cry out,
An' echo to thy dinsome rout;
The herds wou'd gather in their nowt,
That glowr'd wi' wonder,
Haflins afley'd to bide thereout
To hear thy thunder.

Sing likewise, Muse, how *blue-gown* bodies,
Like scar-crawes new taen down frae woodies,
Come here to cast their clouted duddies,
An' get their pay:
Than them what magistrate mair proud is
On king's birth-day!

On this great day the city-guard,
In military art weel lear'd,
Wi' powder'd pow and shaven beard,
Gang thro' their functions,

By hoſtile rabble ſeldom ſpar'd
O' clarty unctions.
O *ſoldiers!* for your ain dear ſakes,
For Scotland's, alias *Land of Cakes*,
Gie not her *bairns* ſic deadly pakes,
Nor be ſae rude,
Wi' firelock on Lochaber aix,
As ſpill their blude.
Now round an' round the *ſerpents* whiz,
Wi' hiſſing wrath and angry phiz;
Sometimes they catch a gentle *gizz*,
Alack-a-day!
An' ſinge wi' *hair-devburing bizz*,
Its curls away.
Shou'd th' owner patiently keek round,
To view the nature o' his wound,
Dead puſſie, draggled thro' the pond,
Taks him a lounder,
Whilk lays his *honour* on the ground
As flat's a *flounder*.
The Muſe maun alſo now implore
Auld wives to ſteek ilk hole an' bore!
If *badrains* ſlip but to the door,
I fear, I fear,
She'll nae lang ſhank upo' all four
This time o' year.

Neiſt day ilk hero tells his news,
O' crackit crowns and broken brows,
An' deeds that here forbid the Muſe
Her theme to ſwell,
Or time mair precious abuſe
Their crimes to tell.

She'll rather to the fields reſort,
Whare muſic gars the day ſeem ſhort,
Whare doggies play, and lambies ſport,
On gowany braes,
Whare peerleſs Fancy hads her court,
And tunes her lays.

CALLER OYSTERS.

Happy the man who, free from care and ſtrife,
In ſilken or in leathern purſe retains
A ſplendid ſhilling. He nor hears with pain
New Oysters cry'd, nor ſighs for chearful ale.

PHILLIPS.

O' a' the waters that can hobble
A fiſhing yole or ſa'mon coble,
An' can reward the fiſher's trouble,
Or ſouth or north,
There's nane ſae ſpacious an' ſae noble
As Frith o' *Forth*.

In her the ſkate an' codlin ſail,
The eel fu' ſouple wags her tail,
Wi' herrin, fleuk, and mackarel,
An' whitens dainty:
Their ſpindle-ſhanks the labſters trail,
Wi' partans plenty.

AULD REIKIE's ſons blithe faces wear;
September's merry month is near,
That brings in Neptune's caller cheer,
New oyſters freſh:
The haleſomeſt and niceſt gear
O' fiſh or fleſh.

O! then we needna gie a plack
For dand'ring mountebank or quack,
Wha o' their drogs ſae baldly crack,
An' ſpred ſic notions,
As gar their feckleſs patients tak
Their ſtinkin potions.

Come prie, frail man! for gin thou *art ſick*,
The oyſter is a rare cathartic,
As ever doctor patient gart lick
To cure his ails;
Whether you hae the head or heart ake,
It ay prevails.

Ye tiplers, open a' your poſes,
Ye wha are faſh'd wi' plucky noſes,

Fling owr your craig ſufficient doſes,
You'll thole a hunder,
To fleg awa' your ſimmer roſes,
An' naething under.

Whan big as burns the gutters rin,
Gin ye hae catcht a dronkit ſkin,
To *Lucky Middlemiſt*'s loup in,
An' ſit fu' ſnug
Owr oyſters an' a dram o' gin,
Or haddock lug.

Whan auld Saunt Giles, at aught o'clock,
Gars merchant lowns their ſhopies lock,
There we adjourn wi' hearty fock
To birle our bodles,
An' get wharewi' to crack our joke,
An' clear our noddles.

Whan Phœbus did his windocks ſteek,
How aften at that *ingle* cheek
Did I my froſty fingers beek,
An' prie gude fare!
I trow there was na hame to ſeek
Whan ſteghin there.

While glakit fools, owr rife o' caſh,
Pamper their weyms wi' fouſom traſh,
I think a chiel may gayly paſs;
He's nae ill boden

That gusts his gab wi' oyster sauce,
An' *hen* weel soden.

At *Musselbrough*, an' eke *Newhaven*,
The fisher-wives will get *top livin*,
Whan *lads* gang out on Sundays' even
To treat their *joes*,
An' tak o' fat pandores a prieven,
Or *mussel brose*.

Than sometimes, 'ere they flit their *doup*,
They'll ablins a' their *siller* coup
For liquor clear frae cutty stoup,
To weet their wizzen,
An' swallow owr a dainty soup,
For fear they gizzen.

A' ye wha canna staun sae sicker,
Whan twice you've toom'd the big-ars'd bicker,
Mix *caller oysters* wi' your liquor,
An' I'm your debtor,
If greedy *priest* or drowthy *vicar*
Will thole it better.

BRAID CLAITH.

YE wha are fain to hae your name
Wrote i' the bonny book o' Fame,

Let

Let Merit nae pretenſion claim
To laurel'd wreath,
But hap ye weel, baith back an' wame,
In gude Braid Claith.

He that ſome ells o' this may ſa',
An' ſlae-black hat on pow like ſnaw,
Bids bauld to bear the 'gree awa',
Wi' a' this graith,
Whan bienly clad wi' ſhell fu' braw
O' gude Braid Claith.

Waeſuck for him wha has nae feck o't!
For he's a gowk they're ſure to geek at,
A chiel that ne'er will be reſpekit,
While he draws breath,
Till his four quarters are bedeckit
Wi' gude Braid Claith.

On Sabbath-days the barbar ſpark,
Whan he has done wi' ſcrapin wark,
Wi' ſiller broochie in his ſark,
Gangs trigly, faith!
Or to the Meadow, or the Park,
In gude Braid Claith.

Weel might ye trow, to ſee them there,
That they to ſhave your haffits bare,
Or curl an' ſleek a pickle hair,
Would be right laith,

Whan pacing wi' a gawfy air
In gude Braid Claith.

If ony mettl'd ſtirrah green
For favour frae a lady's een,
He maunna care for bein' ſeen
Before he ſheath
His body in a ſcabbard clean
O' gude Braid Claith.

For, gin he come wi' coat-thread bare,
A feg for him ſhe winna care,
But crook her bonny mou' fou' fair,
And ſcald him baith:
Wooers ſhou'd ay their traval ſpare
Without Braid Claith.

Braid Claith lends fock an unco heeſe,
Makes mony kail-worms butterflies,
Gies mony a doctor his degrees
For little ſkaith:
In ſhort, you may be what you pleaſe
Wi' gude Braid Claith.

For thof ye had as wiſe a ſnout on
As *Shakeſpeare* or Sir *Iſaac Newton*,
Your judgment fouk would hae a doubt on,
I'll tack my aith,
Till they cou'd ſee ye wi' a ſuit on
O' gude Braid Claith.

ELEGY

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF SCOTS MUSIC.

Mark it, Cæſario; it is old and plain,
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do uſe to chant it.

SHAKESPEARE'S TWELFTH NIGHT.

ON Scotia's plains, in days of yore,
When lads and laſſes *tantum* more,
Saft Muſic rang on ilka ſtorn,
In hamely weid;
But Harmony is now no more,
And *Muſic* dead.

Round her the feather'd choir would wing,
Sae bonnily ſhe wont to ſing,
And ſleely wake the ſleeping ſtring,
Their ſang to lead,
Sweet as the zephyrs o' the ſpring;
But now ſhe's dead.

Mourn ilka nymph and ilka ſwain,
Ilk ſunny hill and dowie glen;
Let weeping ſtreams and *Naiads* drain
Their fountain head;
Let Echo ſwell the dolefu' ſtrain
Sin' Muſic's dead.

Whan

When the saft vernal breezes ca'
The grey-hair'd Winter's fogs awa',
Naebody than is heard to blaw,
Near hill or mead,
On chaunter or on aiten straw,
Sin' music's dead.

Nae lasses now, on simmer days,
Will lilt at bleaching o' their claes;
Nae herds on *Yarrow*'s bonny braes,
Or banks o' *Tweed*,
Delight to chaunt their hameil lays,
Sin' music's dead.

At glomin now the bagpipe's dumb,
Whan weary owsen hameward come;
Sae sweetly as it wont to bum,
And *Pibrochs* skreed;
We never hear its weirlike hum,
For music's dead.

Macgibbon's gane: Ah! waes my heart!
The man in music maist expert,
Wha cou'd sweet melody impart,
And tune the reed,
Wi' sic a slee and pawky art;
But now he's dead.

Ilk carline now may grunt and grane,
Ilk bonny lassie make great mane,

Sin

Sin' he's awa, I trow there's nane
Can fill his ſtead;
The blytheſt ſangſter on the plain,
Alack, is dead!

Now foreign ſonnets bear the gree,
And crabbit queer variety
O' ſounds freſh ſprung frae *Italy*,
A baſtard breed!
Unlike that ſaft-tongu'd melody
Whilk now lies dead.

Cou'd *lav'rocks* at the dawning day,
Cou'd *linties* chirming frae the ſpray,
Or todling *burns* that ſmoothly play
O'er gowden bed,
Compare wi' *Birks of Indermay?*
But now they're dead.

O SCOTLAND! that cou'd yence afford
To bang the pith o' Roman ſword,
Winna your ſons, wi' joint accord,
To battle ſpeed,
And fight till MUSIC be reſtor'd,
Whilk now lies dead.

O HALLOW

HALLOW-FAIR.

AT *Hallowmas*, whan nights grow lang,
And *ſtarnies* ſhine fu' clear,
Whan fock, the nippin cauld to bang,
Their winter *hapwarms* wear;
Near Edinburgh a fair there hads,
I wat there's nane whaſe name is,
For ſtrappin dames and ſturdy lads,
And cap and ſtoup, mair famous
Than it that day.

Upo' the tap o' ilka lum
The ſun began to keek,
And bad the trig-made maidens come
A ſightly joe to ſeek
At *Hallow-fair*, whare browſters rare
Keep gude ale on the gantries,
And dinna ſcrimp ye o' a ſkair
O' kebbucks frae their pantries
Fu' ſaut that day.

Here country John in bannet blue,
An' eke his Sunday's claes on,
Rins after Meg wi' *rokelay* new,
An' ſappy kiſſes lays on;
She'll tauntin ſay, Ye ſilly coof?
Be o' your gab mair ſparin;

He'll

He'll tak the hint, and crieſh her loof
Wi' what will buy her fairin,
To chow that day.

Here chapmen billies tak their ſtand,
An' ſhaw their *bonny wallies;*
Wow, but they lie fu' gleg aff hand
To trick the ſilly fallows:
Heh, Sirs! what cairds and tinklers come,
An' *ne'er-do-weel* horſe-coupers,
An' ſpae-wives fenzying to be dumb,
Wi' a' ſiclike landloupers,
To thrive that day.

Here Sawny cries, frae Aberdeen,
"Come ye to me fa need:
"The braweſt *ſhanks* that e'er were ſeen
"I'll ſell ye cheap an' guid.
"I wyt they are as pretty hoſe
"As come frae *weyer* or *leem:*
"Here tak a rug, an' ſhaw's your poſe;
"Forſeeth my ain's but teem
"An' light the day."

Ye wives, as ye gang thro' the fair,
O mak your bargains hooly!
O' a' thir wylie lowns beware,
Or fegs they will ye ſpulzie.
For fairn-year *Meg Thamſon* got,
Frae thir miſchievous villains,

A ſcaw'd bit o' a penny note,
That loſt a ſcore o' ſhillins
To her that day.

The dinlin drums alarm our ears,
The ſerjeant ſcreechs fu' loud,
" A' gentlemen and volunteers
" That wiſh your country gude,
" Come here to me, and I ſall gie
" Twa guineas an' a crown,
" A bowl o' *punch* that like the ſea
" Will ſoum a lang dragoon
" Wi' eaſe this day."

Without the cuiſſers prance and nicker,
An' o'er the ley-rig ſcud;
In tents the carles bend the bicker,
An' rant an' roar like wud.
Than there's ſic yellowchin and din,
Wi' wives and wee-anes gablin,
That ane might trow they were a-kin
To a' the tongues at Babylon,
Confus'd that day.

Whan *Phœbus* liga in *Thetis'* lap,
Auld Reikie gies them ſhelter,
Whare cadgily they kiſs the cap,
An' ca't round helter-ſkelter.
Jock Bell gaed furth to play his freaks,
Great cauſe he had to rue it,

For

For frae a ſtark Lochaber aix
He gat a *clamehewit*,
Fu' ſair that night.

"Ohon!" quo' he, "I'd rather be
"By *ſword* or *bagnet* ſtickit,
"Than hae my crown or body wi'
"Sic deadly weapons nickit."
Wi' that he gat anither ſtraik
Mair weighty than before,
That gar'd his feckleſs body aik,
An' ſpew the reikin gore,
Fu' red that night.

He peching on the cawſey lay,
O' kicks and cuffs weel ſair'd;
A *Highland* aith the ſerjeant gae,
"She maun pe ſee our guard."
Out ſpak the weirlike corporal,
"Pring in ta drucken ſot."
They trail'd him ben, an' by my ſaul,
He paid his drucken groat
For that neiſt day.

Gude fock, as ye come frae the fair,
Bide yont frae this black ſquad;
There's nae ſic ſavages elſewhere
Allow'd to wear cockade.
Than the ſtrong lion's hungry maw,
Or tuſk o' Ruſſian bear,

Frae their wanruly fellin paw
Mair cauſe ye hae to fear
Your death that day.

A wee ſoup drink does unco weel
To had the heart aboon;
It's gude as lang's a canny chiel
Can ſtand ſteeve in his ſhoon,
But gin a birkie's owr weel ſaird,
It gars him aften ſtammer
To *pleys* that bring him to the guard,
An' eke the *Council-chaumir*,
Wi' ſhame that day.

ODE TO THE BEE.

HERDS, blythſome tune your canty reeds,
An' welcome to the gowany meads
The pride o' a' the inſect thrang,
A ſtranger to the green ſae lang;
Unfald ilk buſs an' ilka brier,
The bounties o' the gleeſome year,
To him whaſe voice delights the ſpring,
Whaſe ſoughs the ſafteſt ſlumbers bring.
The trees in ſimmer-cleething dreſt,
The hillocks in their greeneſt veſt,
The braweſt flow'rs rejoic'd we ſee,
Diſcloſe their ſweets, and ca' on thee,

Blythely

Blythely to ſkim on wanton wing
Thro' a' the fairy haunts o' ſpring.
Whan fields hae gat their dewy gift,
An' dawnin breaks upo' the lift,
Then gang your wa's thro' *hight* an' *how*,
Seek caller *haugh* or ſunny *know*,
Or ivy'd *craig*, or *burn-bank brae*,
Whare Induſtry ſhall bid you gae,
For hiney, or for waxen ſtore,
To ding ſad poortith frae the door.
Cou'd feckleſs creature, Man, be wiſe,
The ſimmer o' his life to prize,
In winter he might fend fu' bauld,
His eild unkend to nippin cauld,
Yet thir, alas! are antrin foek
That lade their ſcape wi' winter ſtock.
Auld age maiſt feckly glowrs right doun
Upo' the ailings o' the poor,
Wha hope for nae comforting, ſave
That dowie diſmal houſe the grave.
Then feeble Man, be wiſe, tak tent
How Induſtry can feteh content:
Behad the bees whare'er they wing,
Or thro' the bonny bowers o' ſpring,
Whare vi'lets or whare roſes blaw,
An' ſiller dew-draps nightly fa',
Or whan on open bent they're ſeen,
On *hether hill* or *thriſtle* green;
The hiney's ſtill as ſweet that flows
Frae thiſtle cauld, or kendling roſe.

Frae

Frae this the human race may learn
Reflection's hiney'd draps to earn,
Whether they tramp life's thorny way,
Or thro' the ſunny vineyard ſtray.

Inſtructive bee! attend me ſtill,
Owr a' my labours ſey your ſkill:
For thee ſhall hiney-ſuckles riſe,
Wi' lading to your buſy thighs,
An' ilka ſhrub ſurround my cell,
Whareon ye like to hum an' dwell:
My trees in bourachs owr my ground
Shall fend ye frae ilk blaſt o' wind:
Nor e'er ſhall herd, wi' ruthleſs ſpike,
Delve out the treaſures frae your bike,
But in my fence be ſafe, an' free
To live, an' work, an' ſing like me.

Like thee, by fancy wing'd, the Muſe
Scuds ear' an' heartſome owr the dews,
Fu' vogie, an' fu' blythe to crap
The winſome flow'rs frae Nature's lap,
Twining her living garlands there,
That lyart Time can ne'er impair.

ON SEEING A BUTTERFLY IN THE STREET.

DAFT gowk, in macaroni dreſs,
Are ye come here to ſhaw your face,

Bowden

Bowden wi' pride o' ſimmer gloſs,
To caſt a daſh at *Reikie's* croſs;
An' glowr at mony a twa-legg'd creature,
Flees braw by art, tho' worms by nature?
Like country laird in city cleeding,
Ye're come to town to lear' good breeding;
To bring ilk darling toaſt an' faſhion
In vogue amang the ſlie creation,
That they, like buſkit belles an' beaus,
May crook their mu' fu' ſour at thoſe
Whaſe weird is ſtill to creep, alas!
Unnotic'd 'mang the humble graſs;
While ye, wi' wings new buſkit trim,
Can far frae yird an' reptiles ſkim;
Newfangle grown wi' new got form,
You ſoar aboon your mither worm.
Kind Nature lent but for a day
Her wings to mak ye ſpruſh an' gay;
In her habuliments a while
Ye may your former ſell beguile,
An' ding awa' the vexing thought
O' hourly dwyning into nought,
By beenging to your foppiſh brither's,
Black corbies dreſs'd in peacocks' feathers;
Like thee they dander here an' there,
Whan ſimmer's blinks are warm an' fair,
An' loo to ſnuff the healthy balm
Whan E'ening ſpreads her wing ſae calm;
But whan ſhe grins an' glowrs ſae dow'r
Frae Borean houff in angry ſhow'r,

Like thee they ſcoug frae ſtreet or field,
An' hap them in a lyther bield;
For they were never made to dree
The adverſe gloom o' Fortune's eie,
Nor ever pried life's pining woes,
Nor pu'd the prickles wi' the roſe.
Poor Butterfly! thy caſe I mourn,
To green kail-yard and fruits return:
How cou'd you troke the mavis' note
For "penny pies all-piping hot?"
Can lintie's muſic be compar'd
Wi' *gruntles* frae the City Guard?
Or can our flow'rs at ten hours bell
The gowan or the ſpink excell?
Now ſhou'd our ſclates wi' hailſtanes ring,
What cabbage-ſauld wad ſcreen your wing?
Say, fluttering fairy! wer't thy hap
To light beneath braw NANNY's cap,
Wad ſhe, proud butterfly of May!
In pity lat you ſkaithleſs ſtay?
The furies glancin frae her ein
Wad rug your wings o' filler ſheen,
That, wae for thee! far, far outvy
Her PARIS ARTIST's fineſt dye;
Then a' your bonny ſprainge wad fall,
An' you a WORM be left to crawl.
To ſic miſhanter rins the laird
Wha quats his ha'-houſe and kail-yard,
Grows politician, ſcours to court,
Whare he's the laughing-ſtock and ſport
O'

O' MINISTERS, wha jeer an' jibe,
An' heeze his hopes wi' thought o' bribe,
Till in the end they flae him bare,
Leave him to poortith, and to care.
Their fleetchin words owr late he ſees,
He trudges hame, repines, and dies.
Sic be their fa' wha dirk thir ben
In blackeſt buſineſs nae their ain;
An' may they ſcad their lips fu' leal,
That dip their ſpoons in ither's kail.

ODE TO THE GOLDSPINK.

FRAE fields where SPRING her ſweets has blawn
Wi' caller verdure owr the lawn,
The GOWDSPINK comes in new attire,
The braweſt 'mang the whiſtling choir,
That, 'ere the ſun can clear his ein,
Wi' glib notes ſane the ſimmer's green.
Sure NATURE herried mony a tree,
For ſprains and bonny ſpats to thee:
Nae mair the *Rainbow* can impart
Sic glowing ferlies o' her art,
Whaſe pencil wrought its freaks at will
On thee, the ſey-piece o' her ſkill.
Nae mair thro' *Straths* in ſimmer dight
We ſeek the ROSE to bleſs our ſight;
Or bid the bonny wa'-flowers ſprout
On yonder RUIN's lofty ſnout.

Thy

Thy ſhining garments far outſtrip
The cherries upo' HEBE's lip,
And fool the tints that Nature choſe
To buſk and paint the crimſon roſe.
'Mang men, wae's-heart! we aften find
The braweſt dreſt want peace o' mind.
While he that gangs wi' ragged coat
Is weel contentit wi' his lot.
Whan WAND wi' glewy birdlime's ſet,
To ſteal far aff your dautit mate,
Blyth wad ye change your cleething gay
In lieu of lav'rock's ſober gray.
In vain thro' woods you ſair may ban
The envious treachery of man,
That wi' your gowden glifter ta'en,
Still hunts you on the ſimmer's plain,
And traps you 'mang the ſudden fa's
O' winter's dreery dreepin ſnaws.
Now ſteekit frae the gowany field,
Frae ilka fav'rite houff and bield,
But mergh, alas! to diſengage
Your bonny bulk frae fettering cage,
Your free-born boſom beats in vain
For darling liberty again.
In WINDOW hung, how aft we ſee
Thee keek around at warblers free,
That carrol ſaft, and ſweetly ſing
Wi' a' the blytheneſs o' the ſpring?
Like TANTALUS they hing you here
To ſpy the glories o' the year;

And

And tho' you're at the *burnie's* brink,
They douna ſuffer you to drink.
Ah, Liberty! thou bonny dame,
How wildly wanton is the ſtream,
Round whilk the birdies a rejoice,
An hail you wi' a gratefu' voice.
The Gowdſpink chatters joyous here,
And courts wi' gleeſome ſangs his peer:
The MAVIS frae the new-bloom'd thorn
Begins his *lauds* at eareſt morn;
And herd lowns loupin o'er the graſs
Needs far leſs fleetching till his laſs,
Then paughty damſels bred at courts,
Wha thraw their mou's, and take the dorts;
But, reft of thee, fient flee we care
For a' that life a hint can ſpare.
The *Gowdſpink*, that ſae lang has kend
The happy ſweets (his wonted friend),
Her ſad confinement ill can brook
In ſome dark chaumer's dowy nook:
Tho' MARY'S hand his nebb ſupplies,
Unkend to hunger's painfu' cries,
Ev'n beauty canna chear the heart
Frae life, frae liberty apart;
For now we tyne its wonted lay,
Sae lightſome ſweet, ſae blythly gay.
Thus FORTUNE aft a curſe can gie,
To wyle us far frae liberty;
Then tent her ſyren ſmiles wha liſt,
I'll ne'er envy your GIRNEL'S *griſt*;

For whan fair freedom ſmiles nae mair,
Care I for life? Shame fa' the hair;
A FIELD o'ergrown wi' rankeſt STUBBLE,
The eſſence o' a paltry babble.

CALLER WATER.

WHAN father *Adie* firſt pat ſpade in
The bonny yeard o' antient Eden,
His amry had nae liquor laid in
To fire his mou',
Nor did he thole his wife's upbraidin
For being fou.

A caller burn o' ſilver ſheen,
Ran cannily out owr the green,
And whan our gutcher's drouth had been
To bide right ſair,
He loutit down and drank bedeen
A dainty ſkair.

His bairns had a' before the flood
A langer tack o' fleſh and blood,
And on mair pithy ſhanks they ſtood
Than *Noah's* line,
Wha ſtill hae been a feckleſs brood
Wi' drinking wine.

The fuddlin Bardies now-a-days
Rin *maukin*-mad in Bacchus' praiſe,
And limp and ſtoiter thro' their lays
Anacreontic,
While ilk his ſea of wine diſplays
As big's the Pontic.

My Muſe will nae gae far frae hame,
Or ſcour a' airths to hound for fame;
In troth the jillet ye might blame
For thinking on't,
Whan aithly ſhe can find the theme
Of *aqua font*.

This is the name that doctors uſe
Their patients noddles to confuſe;
Wi' *ſimples* clad in terms abſtruſe,
They labour ſtill,
In kittle words to gar ye rooſe
Their want o' ſkill.

But we'll hae nae ſick clitter-clatter,
And briefly to expound the matter,
It ſhall be ca'd guid *Caller Water*,
Than whilk I trow,
Few drugs in doctors ſhops are better
For me or you.

Tho' joints be ſtiff as ony *rung*,
Your pith wi' pain be ſairly dung,

Be you in *Caller Water* flung
Out o'er the lugs,
Twill mak ye ſuple, ſwack and young,
Withouten drugs.

Tho' cholic or the heart-ſcad teaze us,
Or ony inward dwaam ſhould ſeize us,
It maſters a' ſic fell diſeaſes,
That would ye ſpulzie,
And brings them to a canny criſis
Wi' little tulzie.

Wer't na for it the bonny laſſes
Wou'd glow'r nae mair in keeking glaſſes,
And ſoon tine din't o' a' the graces
That aft conveen
In gleefu' looks and bonny faces,
To catch our ein.

The faireſt than might die a maid,
And Cupid quit his ſhooting trade,
For wha thro' clarty *maſquerade*
Could then diſcover,
Whether the features under ſhade
Were worth a lover?

As ſimmer rains bring ſimmer flow'rs,
And leaves to cleed the *birken bow'rs*,
Sae beauty gets by caller ſhow'rs,
Sae rich a bloom,

As for eſtate, or heavy dow'ry,
Aft ſtands in room.

What maks Auld Reikie's dames ſae fair?
It cannot be the haleſome air,
But *caller burn* beyond compare,
The beſt o' ony,
That gars them a' ſic graces ſkair,
And blink ſae bonny.

On *May-day*, in a fairy ring,
We've ſeen them round *St Anthon's* ſpring,
Frae graſs the caller *dew-draps* wring
To weet their ein,
And water clear as cryſtal ſpring,
To ſynd them clean.

O may they ſtill purſue the way,
To look ſae feat, ſae clean, ſae gay!
Than ſhall their beauties glance like May,
And, like her, be
The Goddeſs of the vocal ſpray,
The Muſe and me.

THE SITTING OF THE SESSION.

PHOEBUS, fair cow'd wi' ſimmer's hight,
Cours near the VIAD wi' blinking light;

Cauld ſhaw the haughs, nae mair bedight
Wi' ſimmer's claes,
They heeze the heart o' dowy wight
That thro' them gaes.

Weel loes me o' you, Business, now;
For ye'll weet mony a drouthy mou'
That's lang a eiſning gane for you,
Withouten fill
O' dribles frae the gude *brown cow*,
Or Highland gill.

The Court o' Session, weel wat I,
Pits ilk chield's *whittle* i' the pye,
Can crieſh the ſlaw-gaun wheels whan dry
Till Seſſion's done,
Tho' they'll gie mony a cheap and cry
Or twalt o' June.

Ye benders a', that dwall in joot,
You'll tak your liquor clean cap out,
Synd your mouſe-wehs wi' reaming ſtout,
While ye hae caſh,
And gar your cares a' tak the rout,
An' thumb ne'er faſh.

Run Gore's grey gizz, new frizzl'd fine,
Will white as ony ſnaw-ba' ſhine;
Weel doughe lee the Lawen coin
Whan deſſied down,

For whisky gills or dribbs o' wine
In cauld forenoon.

Bar-keepers now, at OUTER DOOR,
Tak tent as sack gang back and fore;
The fient ane there but pays his score,
Nane wins toll-free,
Tho' ye've a cause the house before,
Or agent be.

Gin ony here wi' CANKER knocks,
And has na lous'd his siller pocks,
Ye need na think to fetch or cox;
"Come shaw's your gear;
"Ae *scabbit yew* spills twenty FLOCKS,
Ye's nae be here."

Now at the door they'll raise a plea;
Crack on, my lads!—for flyting's free;
For gin you shou'd tongue-tachet be,
The mair's the pity,
Whan scalding but and ben we see
PENDENTE LITE.

The LAWYERS' *shelfs*, and PRINTERS' *presse*
Grain unco fair wi' weighty cases;
The *clark* in toil his pleasure places,
To thrive bedeen;
At five-hour's bell scribes shaw their faces,
And rake their cin.

The

The country fock to lawyers crook
"Ah! weels me on your bonny buik!
"The benmoſt part o' my kiſt nook
"I'll ripe for thee,
"And willing ware my hindmoſt rook
"For my decree."

But LAW'S a DRAW-WELL unco deep,
Withouten RIM fock out to keep;
A donnart chiel, whan drunk, may dreep
Fu' fleely in,
But finds the gate baith *ſtey* and *ſteep*,
'Ere out he win.

THE RISING OF THE SESSION.

TO a' men living be it kend,
The SESSION now is at an end:
Writers, your finger-nebbs unbend,
And quat the pen,
Till *Time* wi' lyart pow ſhall ſend
Blyth June again.

Tir'd o' the law and a' its phraſes,
The wylie *writers*, rich as *Craſus*,
Hurl frae the town in hackney chaiſes,
For country cheer:

The

The *pownay* that in ſpring-time grazes,
Thrives a' the year.

Ye lawyers, bid fareweel to lies,
Fareweel to din, Fareweel to fees,
The canny hours o' reſt may pleaſe,
Inſtead o' filler:
Hain'd *multer* hads the *mill* at eaſe,
And finds the *miller*.

Blythe they may be wha wanton play
In *Fortune*'s bonny blinken ray,
Fu' weel can they ding dool away
Wi' comrades couthy,
And never dree a hungert day,
Or e'ening dronthy.

Ohon! the day for him that's laid
In dowie *poortith*'s caldrife ſhade,
Ablins o'er honeſt for his trade,
He racks his wits,
How he may get his buik weel clad,
And fill his guts.

The farmers ſons, as yap as ſparrows,
Are glad, I trow, to flee the barras,
And whiſtle to the plough and harrows
At barley ſeed:
What writer wadna gang as far as
He cou'd for bread?

After

After their yokin, I wat weel
They'll ſtoo the kebbuck to the heel;
Eith can the plough ſtilts gar a chiel
Be unco vogie,
Clean to lick aff his crowdy-meal,
And ſcart his *cogie*.

Now mony a fallow's dung adrift
To a' the blaſt beneath the lift,
And tho' their ſtamack's aft in tift
In vacance-time,
Yet ſeenil do they ken the rift
O' ſtappit weym.

Now gin a *Notar* ſhou'd be wanted,
You'll find the *pillars* gayly planted;
For little thing *proteſts* are granted
Upo' a bill,
And weightieſt matters covenanted
For half a gill.

Nae body taks a morning dribb
O' *Holland gin* frae *Robin Gibb*;
And tho' a dram to Rob's mair fib
Than is his wife,
He maun tak time to daut his *Rib*
Till ſiller's rife.

This *vacance* is a heavy doom
On *Indian Peter's* coffee-room,

For

For a' his china pigs are toom;
Nor do we ſee
In wine the ſucker biſkets ſoom
As light's a flee.

But ſtop, my Muſe, nor mak a mane,
Pate diſna fend on that alane;
He can fell twa dogs wi' ae bane,
While ither fock
Maun reſt themſels content wi' ane,
Nor farrer trock.

Ye change-houſe keepers never grumble,
Tho' you a while your bickers whumble,
Be unco patientfu' and humble,
Nor mak a din,
Tho' gude *joot* binna kent to rumble
Your weym within.

You needna grudge to draw your breath
For little mair than half a reath,
Than, gin we' a' be ſpar'd frae death,
We'll gladly prie
Freſh noggans o' your reaming graith
Wi' blythſome glee.

LEITH

LEITH RACES.

I.

IN July month, an bonny morn,
Whan Nature's rokely green
Was ſpread o'er ilka rigg o' corn
To charm our roving een;
Glouring about I ſaw a quean,
The faireſt 'neath the lift;
Her *een* were o' the ſilver ſheen,
Her *ſkin* like ſnawy drift,
Sae white that day.

II.

Quod ſhe, "I ferly unco ſair,
"That ye ſud muſand gae,
"Ya wha hae ſung o' Hallow-Fair,
"Her winter's pranks and play:
"Whan on Leith-Sands the racers rare,
"Wi' jocky louns are met,
"Their orro pennies there to ware,
"And drown themſel's in debt
"Fu' deep that day."

III.

An wha are ye, my winſome dear,
That takes the gate ſae early?
Whare do ye win, gin ane may ſpear,
For I right meikle ferly,
That ſic braw buſkit laughing laſs
Thir bonny blinks ſhou'd gie,

An'

An' loup like *Hebe* o'er the grass,
As wanton and as free
Fear dure this day?

IV.

"I dwall amang the calles springs
"That weet the *Land o' Cakes*,
"And Aften tune my canty strings
"At *bridals* and *late-wakes*
"They ca' me *Mirth*; I ne'er was kend
"To grumble or look four,
"But blyth wad be a lift to lend,
"Gin ye wad sey my pow'r
"An' pith this day."

V.

A bargain be't, and, by my fegs,
Gif ye will be my mate,
Wi' you I'll screw the cherry pegs;
Ye shanna find me blate;
We'll reel an' ramble thro' the sands,
An' jeer wi' a' we meet;
Nor hip the daft an' gleesome bands
That fill Edina's street
Sae thrang this day.

VI.

'Ere servant maids had wont to rise
To seeth the breakfast kettle,
Ilk dame her brawest ribbons tries,
To put her on her mettle,
Wi' wiles some filly chiel to trap
(An' troth he's fain to get her,)

But

But she'll craw kniesly in his crap,
Whan, wow! he canna flit her
Frae hame that day.

VII.

Now mony a scaw'd and bare-ars'd lown
Rise early to their wark,
Eneugh to fley a muckle town,
Wi' dinsome sqeel an' bark:
"Here is the true an' faithfu' list
"O' Noblemen an' Horses;
"Their eild, their weight, their height, their grist,
"That rin for *Plates* or *Purses*
"Fu' fleet this day."

VIII.

To *Whisky Plooks* that burnt for wooks
On town-guard soldiers faces,
Their barber bauld his whittle crooks,
An' scrapes them for the races:
Their *Stumps* erst us'd to *Filipegs*,
Are dight in spatterdashes,
Whase barkent hides scarce fend their legs
Frae weet an' weary plashes
O' dirt that day.

IX.

"Come, hafe a care (the captain cries),
"On guns your bagnets thraw;
"Now mind your manual exercise,
"An' marsh down raw by raw."
And as they march he'll glowr about,
'Tent a' their cuts and scars:

'Mang them fell mony a gaufy ſnout
Has guſht in birth-day wars,
Wi' blude that day.

X.

Her *Naneſel* maun be carefu' now,
Nor maun ſhe be miſleard,
Sin baxter lads hae ſeal'd a vow
To ſkelp an' clout the guard;
I'm ſure *Auld Reikie* kens o' nane
That wou'd be ſorry at it,
Tho' they ſhou'd dearly pay the kane,
An' get their taila weel ſautit
An' ſair thir days.

XI.

The tinkler billies i' the *Bow*
Are now leſs eident clinking,
As lang's their pith or ſiller dow,
They're daffin and their drinking.
Bedown *Leith-walk* what bouroche reel
O' ilka trade and ſtation,
That gar their wives an' childer feel
Toom weyms for their libation
O' drink thir days.

XII.

The browſter wives thegither harl
A' Traſh that they can fa' on;
They rake the grunds o' ilka barrel,
To profit by the lawen:
For weel wat they a ſkin leal het
For drinking needs nae hire;

At drumly gear they tak nae pet;
Foul *water* flockens *fire*,
And drouth thir days.

XIII.

They ſay ill ale haa been the deid
O' mony a beirdly lown;
Then dinna gape like gleds wi' greed
To ſweel hail bickers down;
Gin Lord ſend mony ane the morn,
They'll ban fu' ſair the time
That e'er they toutit aff the horn,
Which wambles thro' their weym
Wi' pain that day.

XIV.

The Buchan bodies thro' the beech
Their bunch o' *Findrums* cry,
An' ſkirl out baul' in Norland ſpeech,
"Guid ſpeldings, fa' will buy?"
An', by my ſaul, they're nae wrang gear
To guſt a ſtirrah's mow;
Weel ſtaw'd wi' them, he'll never ſpear
The price o' being fu'
Wi' drink that day.

XV.

Now wyly wights at *Rowly Powl*,
An' flingan' o' the *Dice*,
Here brake the banes o' mony a ſoul
Wi' fa's upo' the ice:
At firſt the gate ſeems fair an' ſtraught,
Sae they had fairly till her;

But wow! in ſpite o' a' their maught,
They're rookit o' their ſiller
An' gowd that day.

XVI.

Around where'er you fling your een,
The *Haiks* like wind are ſcourin';
Some chaiſes honeſt folk contain,
An' ſome hae mony a *Whore* in;
Wi' roſe and lilly, red and white,
They gie themſelves ſic fit airs,
Like DIAN, they will ſeem perfite;
But it's nae gowd that glitters
Wi' them thir days.

XVII.

The LYON here wi' open paw,
May cleek in mony hunder,
Wha geck at SCOTLAND and her law,
His wyly talons under;
For ken, tho' JAMIE's laws are auld,
(Thanks to the wiſe recorder!)
His Lyon yet roars loud and bauld,
To had the Whigs in order
Sae prime this day.

XVIII.

To town-guard DRUM, of clangour clear,
Baith men and ſteeds are raingit;
Some liveries red or yellow wear,
And ſome are tartan ſpraingit!
And now the red, the blue e'en-now,
Bids faireſt for the market;

But, 'ere the ſport be done, I trow
Their ſkins are gayly yarkit
And peel'd thir days.

XIX.

Siclike in Pantheon debates,
Whan twa chiels hae a pingle;
E'en now ſome couli gets his aits,
An' dirt wi' words they mingle;
Till up loups he wi' diction fu',
There's lang and dreech contelling;
For now they're near the point in view,
Now ten miles frae the queſtion
In hand that night.

XX.

The races o'er, they hale the dools
Wi' drink o' a' kin-kind;
Great feck gae dirpling hame like fools,
The cripple lead the blind.
May ne'er the canker o' the drink
E'er mak our ſpirits thrawart,
'Caſe we git whawi'tha' to wink
Wi' een as *blue's* a *blawart*
Wi' *ſtraiks* thir day!

XXI.

To town-guard Drum, of clangour clear,
The

THE FARMER'S INGLE.

Et multo in primis hilarans convivia Baccho,
Ante focum, si frigus erit. VIRG. Buc.

I.

WHAN glooming grey out o'er the welkin keeks,
Whan *Batie* ca's his owsen to the byre,
Whan *Thrasher John*, fair dung, his barn-door steeks,
And lusty lasses at the dighting tire:
What bangs fu' leal the e'enings coming cauld,
And gars snaw-tapit winter freeze in vain;
Gars dowie mortals look baith blyth and bauld,
Nor fley'd wi' a' the poortith o' the plain;
Begin, my Muse, and chant in hamely strain.

II.

Frae the big stack, weel winnow't on the hill,
Wi' *divets* theekit frae the weet and drift,
Sods, *peats*, and *heath'ry trusts* the chimley fill,
And gar their thick'ning smeek salute the lift;
The *gudeman*, new come hame, is blyth to find,
Whan he out o'er the *hallan* flings his een,
That ilka turn is handled to his mind,
That a' his housie looks sae cosh and clean;
For cleanly house loes he, tho' e'er sae mean.

III.

Weel kens the *gudewife* that the pleughs require
A heartsome *meltith*, and refreshing fynd
O' nappy liquor, o'er a bleezing fire:
Sair wark and poortith douna weel be join'd.

Wi'

Wi' butter'd *bannocks* now the *girdle* reeks:
I' the far nook the *Bowie* briskly reams;
The readied *kail* ſtands by the chimley cheeks,
And had the riggin het wi' welcome ſtreams;
Whilk than the daintieſt kitchen nicer ſeems.

IV.

Frae this lat gentler gabs a leſſon lear;
Wad they to labouring lend an eident hand,
They'd rax fell ſtrang upo' the ſimpleſt fare,
Nor find their ſtamacks ever at a ſtand.
Fu' hale and healthy wad they paſs the day,
At night in calmeſt ſlumbers doſe fu' ſound,
Nor doctor need their weery life to ſpae,
Nor drogs their noddle and their ſenſe confound,
Till death ſlip ſleely on, and gie the hindmoſt wound.

V.

On ſicken food has mony a doughty deed
By Caledonia's anceſtors been done;
By this did mony a wight fu' weirlike bleed
In *brulzies* frae the dawn to ſet o' ſun;
'Twas this that brac'd their *gardies*, ſtiff an' ſtrang,
That bent the deidly yew in ancient days,
Laid Denmark's daring ſons on yird alang,
Gar'd Scottiſh *thriſſles* bang the Roman *bays*:
For near our *creſt* their heads they dought na raiſe.

VI.

The couthy cracks begin whan ſupper's o'er,
The cheering *bicker* gars them glibly gaſh
O' ſimmer's *ſhowery blinks* and winter's ſour,
Whaſe floods did erſt thair mailin's produce haſh.

'Bout

'Bout *kirk* an' *market* eke their tales gae on,
How *Jock* woo'd *Jenny* here to be his bride,
And there how *Marion*, for a baſtart ſon,
Upo' the *cutty-ſtool* was forc'd to ride,
The waefu' ſcald o' our *Meſs John* to bide.

VII.

The fient a chiep's amang the barnies now,
For a' their anger's wi' their hunger gane:
Ay maun the childer, wi' a faſtin' mou',
Grumble and greet, and make an unco mane.
In rangels round before the ingle's low,
Frae *Gudame*'s mouth auld waild tale they hear,
O' *Warlocks* louping round the *Wirrikow*,
O' gaiſts that win in glen and kirk-yard drear,
Whilk touzles a' their tap, and gars them ſhak wi' fear.

VIII.

For weel ſhe trows that fiends and fairies be
Sent frae the de'il to fleetch us to our ill;
That ky hae tint their milk wi' evil eie,
And corn been ſcowder'd on the glowing kill,
O mock na this, my friends! but rather mourn,
Ye' in life's braweſt ſpring wi' reaſon clear,
Wi' eild our idle fancies a' return,
And dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly fear;
The mind's ay *cradled* whan the *grave* is near.

IX.

Yet *thriſt*, induſtrious, bides her lateſt days,
Tho' age her ſair dow'd front wi' runkles wave,
Yet frae the ruſſet lap the *ſpindle* plays,
Her e'ening ſtent reels ſhe as weel's the lave.

On

On ſome feaſt-day, the *wee-things* buſkit braw
Shall heeze her heart up wi' a ſilent joy,
Fu' caidgie that her head was up and ſaw
Her ain ſpun eleething on a darling oy,
Careleſs tho' death ſhou'd mak the feaſt her foy.

X.

In its auld *larroch* yet the *deas* remains,
Whare the gudeman aft ſtreeks him at his eaſe,
A warm and canny lean for weary banes
O' lab'rers doil'd upo' the wintry leas:
Round him will *badrins* and the *colly* come,
To wag their tail, and caſt a thankfu' eie
To him wha kindly flings them mony a crum
O' kebbock whang'd, and dainty fadge to prie;
This a' boon they crave, and a' the fee.

XI.

Frae him the *lads* their morning counſel tak,
What ſtacks he wants to thraſh, what rigs to till;
How big a birn maun lie on *baſſie's* back,
For meal and multure to the *thirling mill.*
Neiſt the gudewife her hireling damſels bids
Glour thro' the byre, and ſee the hawkies bound,
Tak tent eaſe *Crummy* tak her wonted tids,
And ca' the laiglen's treaſure on the ground,
Whilk ſpills a *kebbock* nice, or yellow *pound.*

XII.

Then a' the houſe for ſleep begins to grien,
Their joints to ſlack frae induſtry a while;
The leaden god ſa's heavy on their ein,
And baffling ſteeks them frae their daily toil:

The cruizy too can only blink and bleer,
The reſtit ingle's done the maiſt it dow;
Tackſman and cottar eke to bed maun ſteer,
Upo' the cod to clear their drumly pow,
Till waken'd by the dawning's ruddy glow.

XIII.

Peace to the huſbandman and a' his tribe,
Whaſe care fells a' our wants frae year to year!
Lang may his ſock and couter turn the gleyb!
And bauks o' corn bend down wi' laded ear!
May SCOTIA'S ſimmers ay look gay and green,
Her yellow har'ſt frae ſcowry blaſts decreed!
May a' her tenants ſit fu' ſnug and bein,
Frae the hard grip o' ails and poortith freed,
And a lang laſting train o' peaceful hours ſucceed!

THE ELECTION.

Nunc eſt bibendum, et bendere BICKERUM magnum;
Cavete TOWN-GUARDUM, D——l G—dd—m atque
C—pb——m.

I.

REJOICE, ye BURGHERS, ane an' a',
Lang look't for's come at laſt;
Sair war your backs held to the wa'
Wi' *poortith* an' wi' *faſt*:
Now ye may clap your wings an' craw,
And gayly buſk ilk' feather,

For

For *Deacon Cocks* hae paſs'd a law
To rax an' weet your leather
Wi' drink thir days.

II.

Haſte *Epps*, quo John, an' bring my gizz!
Tak tent ye dinna't ſpulzie;
Laſt night the barber gae't a frizz,
An' ſtraikit it wi' ulzie.
Hae done your *pariſh*, laſſie *Lizz*,
Gie me my ſark an' gravat;
I'ſe be as braw's the Deacon is
Whan he tacks *Affidavit*
O' *Faith* the day.

III.

Whare's *Johnny* gaun, cries neebour *Beſs*,
That he's ſae gayly bodin,
Wi' new kaim'd wig, weel ſyndet face,
Silk hoſe, for hamely hodin?
"Our Johnny's nae ſma' drink you'll gueſs,
"He's trig as ony muir-cock,
"An' forth to mak a Deacon, laſs;
"He downa ſpeak to poor fock
"Like us the day."

IV.

The *coat* ben-by i' the kiſt-nook,
That's been this towmonth ſwarming,
Is brought yence mair thereout to look,
To fleg awa the vermin;
Menzies o' *moths* an' *flaes* are ſhook,
An' i' the floor they howder,

Till

Till in a birn deneath the crook
They're fingit wi' a scowder
To death that day.

V.

The canty cobler quats his sta',
His *rozet* an' his *lingans*;
His buik has dreed a fair, fair fa'
Frae meals o' *bread* an' *ingans*:
Now he's a pow o' *wit* an' *law*,
An' taunts at soals an' heels;
To *Walker's* he can rin awa,
There whang his *creams* an' *jeels*
Wi' life that day.

VI.

The lads in order tak their seat,
(The de'il may clay the clungest!)
The stegh an' connoch sae the meat,
Their teeth mak mair than tongue haste;
Their *claes* sae cleanly tight an' feat,
An' eke their craw-black *beavers*,
Like *masters* mows hae found the gate
To tassels teugh wi' slavers
Fu' lang that day.

VII.

The dinner done, for brandy strang
They cry to weet their thrapple,
To gar the stamack bide the bang,
Nor wi' its laden grapple.
The grace is said—its nae o'er lang;
The claret reams in bells;

Quod *Deacon* let the toast round gang,
"Come, here's our *Noble sel's*
"*Weel met* the day."

VIII.

Weels me o'drink, quo' *cooper* Will,
My *barrel* has been geyz'd ay,
An' has na gotten sic a fill
Sin' fu' on Handsel-Teysday:
But makes-na, now it's got a sweel,
Ae gird I shanna cast lad,
Or else I wish the horned de'il
May *Will* wi' kittle cast dad
To h—ll the day.

IX.

The *Magistrates* fu' wyly are,
Their lamps are gayly blinkin,
But they might as leive burn elsewhare,
Whan fock's *blind fu'* wi' drinkin.
Our *Deacon* wadna ca'a chair,
The foul ane durst him na-say;
He took *shank's naig*, but sient may care I
He *arslins* kiss'd the causey
Wi' *her* that night.

X.

Weel loes me o' you, souter *Jock*,
For tricks ye buit be trying,
Whan greapin for his ain bed-fock,
He fa's whare *Will's* wife's lying!
Will coming hame wi' ither fock,
He saw *Jock* there before him;

Wi'

Wi' *Maiſter Laiglen*, like a brock,
He did wi' ſtink maiſt ſmore him
Fu' ſtrang that night.

XI.

Then wi' a ſouple leathern whang
He gart them fidge and girn ay,
"Faith, chiel, ye's nae for naething gang,
"Gin ye maun reel my pirny."
Syne wi' a muckle alſhin lang
He brodit *Maggie's* hurdies;
An' cauſe he thought her i' the wrang,
There paſs'd nae bonny wordies
'Tween them that night.

XII.

Now, had ſome laird his lady fand
In ſic unſeemly courſes,
It might hae loos'd the haly band,
Wi' law-ſuits an' *divorces*:
But the neiſt day they a' ſhook hands,
And ilka *crack* did ſowder,
While *Megg* for drink her apron pawns,
For a the gude-man cow'd heer
Whan fu' laſt night.

XIII.

Glowr round the cawſey, up an' down,
What mobbing and what plotting!
Here politicians bribe a loun
Againſt his ſaul for voting,
The gowd that inlakes half a crown
Thir blades lug out to try them,

They pouch the gowd, nor fash the town
For weights an' scales to weigh them
Exact that day.

XIV.

Then *Deacons* at the counsel stent
To get themsel's presentit:
For towmonths twa their saul is lent,
For the town's gude indentit:
Lang's their debating thereanent,
About *Protests* they're bauthrin:
While *Sandy Fife*, to mak content,
On *Bells* plays *Clout the Caudron*
To them that day.

XV.

Ye lowns that trokе in doctor's stuff,
You'll now hae unco slaisters:
Whan windy blaws their *stamacks* puff,
They'll need baith pills and plaisters:
For tho' e'en-now they look right bluff,
Sic drinks, 'ere *billocks* meet,
Will hap some Deacons in a truff,
Inrow'd in the lang leet
O' death you night.

TO THE TRON-KIRK BELL.

WANWORDY, crazy, dinsome thing,
As e'er was fram'd to jow or ring,

What gar'd them ſic in ſteeple hing
They ken themſel',
But weel wat I they coudna bring
War ſounds frae hell.

What de'il are ye? that I ſhould bann,
Your neither kip to pat nor pan;
Nor *uly pig*, nor *maiſter-cann*,
But weel may gie
Mair pleaſure to the ear o' man
Than ſtroke o' thee.

Fleece merchants may look bauld I trow,
Sin' a' *Auld Reikie's* childer now
Maun ſtap their lugs wi' teats o' woo,
Thy ſound to bang,
And keep it frae gawn thro' and thro'
Wi' jarrin' twang.

Your noiſy tongue, there's nae abidin't,
Like ſcaulding wife's, there is nae guidin't:
Whan I'm 'bout ony bis'neſs cident,
It's fair to thole:
To deave me, than, ye tak a pride in't
Wi' ſenſeleſs knoll.

O! were I Provoſt o' the town,
I ſwear by a' the pow'rs aboon,
I'd bring ye wi' a reeſle down;
Nor ſhud you think

(Sae fair I'd crack and clour your crown)
Again to clink.

For whan I've toom'd the meikle cap,
An' fain wad fa' owr in a nap,
Troth I cou'd doze as foun's a tap,
Wer't na for thee,
That gies the tither weary chap
To wauken me.

I dreamt ae night I ſaw Auld Nick;
Quo' he, "This bell o' mine's a trick,
"A wyly piece o' politic,
"A cunnin ſnare
"To trap fock in a cloven ſtick,
"'Ere they're aware.

"As lang's my dautit bell hings there,
"A' body at the kirk will ſkair;
"Quo' they, gif he that preaches there
"Like it can wound,
"We douna care a ſingle hair
"For joyfu' found."

If magiſtrates wi' me wud 'gree,
For ay *tongue-tackit* ſhud ye be,
Nor ſleg wi' *antimelody*
Sic honeſt fock,
Whaſe lugs were never made to dree
Thy doolfu' ſhock.

But far frae thee the *baillies* dwell,
Or they wud ſcunner at your knell:
Gie the *foul thief* his riven bell,
And than, I trow,
The by-word hads, "the de'il himſel'
"Has got his due."

MUTUAL COMPLAINT OF PLAINSTANES AND CAUSEY,

IN THEIR MOTHER-TONGUE.

SIN *Merlin* laid Auld Reikie's cauſey,
And made her o' his wark right ſauſey,
The ſpacious *ſtreet* and *plainſtanes*
Were never kend to crack but anes,
Whilk happen'd on the hinder night,
Whan * *Fraſer's* uly tint its light;
O' Highland ſentries nane were wankin,
To hear thir cronies glibly taukin;
For them this wonder might hae rotten,
And, like *night robb'ry*, been forgotten,
Had na a cadie, wi' his lanthron,
Been gleg enough to hear them bant'rin,
Wha came to me neift morning early,
To gie me tidings o' this ferly.
Ye taunting lowns, trow this nae joke,
For anes the aſs of Balaam ſpoke,

Better

* The Contractor for the lamps.

Better than lawyers do, forſooth,
For it ſpake naething but the truth!
Whether they follow its example,
You'll ken beſt whan you hear the ſample.

Plainſtanes. My friend, thir hunder years and mair,
We've been forfoughen late and air,
In ſun-ſhine, and in weety weather,
Our thrawart lot we bure thegither.
I never growl'd, but was content
Whan ilk an had an equal ſtent;
But now to flyte I'ſe e'en be bauld,
Whan I'm wi' ſic a grievance thrall'd.
How haps it, ſay, that mealy bakers,
Hair-kaimers, crieſhy gizy-makers,
Shou'd a' get leave to waſte their powders
Upo' my beaux and ladies ſhoulders?
My travellers are fley'd to deid
Wi' creels wanchancy, heap'd wi' bread,
Frae whilk hing down uncanny nickſticks,
That aften gie the maidens ſic licks,
As mak them blyth to ſkreen their faces
Wi' *bats* and muckle maun *bon-graces*,
And cheat the lads that fain wad ſee
The glances o' a pauky eie,
Or gie their loves a wylie wink,
That erſt might lend their hearts a clink!
Speak, was I made to dree the ladin
O' Gallic chairmen heavy treadin,
Wha in my tender bake bove holes
Wi' waefu' tackets i' the ſoals

O' brogs,

O' broggs, whilk on my body tramp,
And wound like death at ilka clamp!

Causey. Weil crackit, friend—It aft hads true,
Wi' naething fock make maift ado:
Weel ken ye, tho' you doughtna tell,
I pay the faireſt kain myſell;
Owr me ilk day big waggons rumble,
And a' my fabric birze and jumble;
Owr me the muckle horſes gallop,
Eneugh to rug my very ſaul up;
And coachmen never trow they're ſinning,
While down the ſtreet their wheels are ſpinning.
Like thee, do I not bide the brunt
O' Highland chairman's heavy dunt?
Yet I hae never thought o' breathing
Complaint, or making din for naething.

Plainſtanes. Had ſae, and let me get a word in,
Your back's beſt fitted for the burden;
And I can eithly tell you why,
Ye're doughtier by far than I;
For whin-ſtanes, howkit frae the craigs,
May thole the prancing feet o' naigs,
Nor ever fear uncanny hotches
Frae clumſy carts or hackney-coaches,
While I, a weak and feckleſs creature,
Am moulded by a ſafter nature:
Wi' maſon's chiſſel dighted neat,
To gar me look baith clean and feat,
I ſcarce can bear a ſairer thump
Than come frae ſole o' ſhoe or pump.

I grant,

I grant, indeed, that now and than,
Yield to a *paten's* pith I maun;
But patens, tho' they're aften plenty,
Are ay laid down wi' feet fu' tenty,
And ſtrokes frae ladies, tho' they're teazing,
I freely maun avow are pleaſing.
For what uſe was I made, I wonder?
It was na tamely to chap under
The weight o' ilka codroch chiel,
That does my ſkin to targets peel;
But gin I guefs aright, my trade is
To fend frae ſkaith the bonny ladies,
To keep the bairnies free frae harms
Whan airing i' their nurſes arms,
To be a ſafe and canny bield
For growing youth or drooping eild.
Tak then frae me the heavy load
O' burden-bearers heavy ſhod,
Or, by my troth, the gude auld town ſall
Hae this affair before the council.
Cauſey. I dinna care a ſingle jot,
Tho' ſummon'd by a ſhelly-coat;
Sae leally I'll propone defences,
As get ye ſlung for my expences;
Your libel I'll impugn *verbatim*,
And hae a *magnum damnum datum*;
For tho' frae *Arthur's-ſeat* I ſprang,
And am in conſtitution ſtrang,
Wad it na fret the hardeſt ſtane
Beneath the *Luckenbooths* to grane?
I Tho'

Tho' magiſtrates the *Croſs* diſcard,
It makes na whan they leave the *Guard!*
A lumberſome and ſtinkin bigging,
That rides the ſaireſt on my rigging.
Poor me owr meikle do ye blame,
For tradeſmen tramping on your wame,
Yet a' your edvocates and braw fock,
Come ſtill to me 'twixt ane and twa 'clock,
And never yet were kent to range
At *Charlie's Statue or Exchange.*
Then tak your beaux and macaronies,
Gie me trades-fock and country Johnies;
The de'il's in't gin ye dinna ſign
Your ſentiments conjunct wi' mine.

Plainſtanes. Gin we twa cou'd be as auld-farrant
As gar the council gie a warrant,
Ilk lown rebellious to tak,
Wha walks not i' the proper track,
And o' three ſhillings Scottiſh ſouk him,
Or in the *water-hole* fair douk him,
This might aſſiſt the poor's collection,
And gie baith parties ſatisfaction.

Cauſey. But firſt, I think it will be good
To bring it to the *Robinhood**,
Whare we ſall hae the queſtion ſtated,
And keen and crabitly debated,
Whether the provoſt and the bailies,
For the town's gude whaſe daily toil is,

Shou'd

* Now called the PANTHEON.

Shou'd liften to our joint petitions,
And ſee obtemper'd the conditions.

Plainſtanes. Content am I—But eaſt the gate is
The Sun, wha taks his leave o' Thetis,
And come's to waken honeſt fock,
That gang to wark at ſax o'clock;
It ſets us to be dumb a while,
And let our words gie place to toil.

A DRINK ECLOGUE.

LANDLADY, BRANDY, AND WHISKY.

ON auld worm-eaten ſkelf, in cellar dunk,
Whare hearty benders fynd their drouthy trunk,
Twa chappin bottles pang'd wi' liquor fu',
BRANDY the tane, the tither WHISKY blue,
Grew canker'd; for the twa were het within,
An' het-ſkin'd fock to flyting ſoon begin:
The FRENCHMAN fizz'd, and firſt wad fit the field,
While paughty SCOTSMAN ſcorn'd to beenge or yield.

Brandy. Black be your fa! ye cottar loun miſlear'd,
Blawn by the *Porters*, *Chairman*, *City-Guard*;
Hae ye nae breeding, that you cock your noſe
Againſt my ſweetly guſted cordial doſe.
I've been near pauky courts, and aften there
Hae ca'd *hyſtericks* frae the dowy fair;
And *courtiers* aft gaed greening for my ſmack,
To gar them bauldly glour, and gaſhly crack.

The

The *prieſt*, to bang miſhanters black and care,
Hae ſought me in his cloſet for his prayers.
What tig then takes the fates, that they can thole
Thrawart to fix me i' this weary hole,
Sair faith'd wi' din, wi' darkneſs, and wi' ſtink,
Whare cheery day-light thro' the mirk ne'er blinks?

Whiſky. But ye maun be content, and maunna rue,
Tho' erſt ye've bizz'd in bonny madam's mou';
Wi' thoughts like thae your heart my ſairly dunt;
The warld's now chang'd, its nae like uſe and wont;
For here, wae's me! there's nouther lord nor laird
Come to get heartſead frae their ſtamack ſkair'd;
Nae mair your courtier louns will ſhaw their face,
For they glour eiry at a friend's diſgrace;
But heeze your heart up—Whan at court you hear
The patriot's *thrapple* wat wi' reaming *beer*;
Whan *chairmun*, weary wi' his daily gain,
Can ſynd his *cubiſtle* wi' the clear *champaign*;
Be hopefu', for the time will ſoon row round,
Whan you'll nae langer dwall beneath the ground.

Brandy. Wandwordy gowk! did I ſae often ſhine
Wi' gowden gliſter thro' the chryſtal fine,
To thole your taunts, that ſeenil hae been ſeen
Awa frae *luggie*, *quegh*, or *truncher treen*;
Gif honour wad but lat, a *challenge* ſhou'd
Twine ye o' Highland *tongue* and Highland *blude*;
Wi' cairds like thee I ſcorn to file my thumb,
For gentle ſpirits gentle breeding doom.

Whiſky. Truly I think it right you get your alms,
Your high heart humbled amang common drams:

Braw days for you, whan fools, newfangle fain,
Like ither countries better than their ain;
For there ye never faw ſic chancy days,
Sic balls, aſſemblies, operas, or plays!
Hame-o'er langſyne you hae been blyth to pack
Your a' upon a *ſarkleſs* ſoldier's back;
For you thir lads, as weel-lear'd traw'lers tell,
Had ſell'd their *ſarks*, gin *ſarks* they'd had to ſell.

But worth gets poortith an' black burning ſhame,
To drainț and drivel out a life at hame.
Alake! the by-word's owre weel kent throughout,
"Prophets at hame are held in nae repute;"
Sae fair'ſt wi' me, tho' I can het the ſkin,
And ſet the ſaut upo' a mirry pin,
Yet I am hameil, there's the four miſchance!
I'm na frae Turkey, Italy, or France;
For now our gentles gabbs are grown ſae nice,
At thee they toot, an' never ſpear my price:
Witneſs—for thee they hight their tenant's neut,
And fill their lands wi' poortith, diſcontent;
Gar them o'er ſeas for cheaper mailins hunt,
An' leave their ain as bare's the Cairn-o'-mount.

Bran. Tho' lairds tak toothfu's o' my warming ſap,
This dwines not tenants gear, nor cows their crap;
For love to you there's mony a tenant gaes
Bare-arſ'd and barefoot o'er the highland braes:
For you nae mair the thrifty gudewife ſees
Her laſſes kirn, or birze the dainty cheeſe;
Crummie nae mair for Jenny's hand will crune,
Wi' milkneſs dreeping frae her teats adown;

For

For you owr ear' the ox his fate partakes,
And fa's a victim to the bludy aix.

Whisky. Wha is't that gars the greedy Banker prieve
The *Maiden's tocher*, but the *Maiden's* leave:
By you when spulzied o' her charming pose,
She tholes in turn the taunt o' cauldrife joes;
Wi' skelps like this fock sit but seenil down
To *wether-gammon* or *bowsowdy* brown;
Sair dung wi' dule, and fley'd for coming debt,
They gar their *mou'-bits* wi' their *incomes* met,
Content enough gif they hae wherewithal
Scrimply to tack their body and their saul.

Brandy. Frae some poor poet, o'er as poor a pot,
Ye've lear'd to crack the crouse, ye haveril Scot,
Or burgher politician, that embrues
His tongue in thee, and reads the clatking news;
But waes heart for you! that for ay maun dwell
In poet's garret, or in chairman's cell,
While I shall yet on bien-clad tables stand,
Bouden wi' a' the daintiths o' the land.

Whisky. Troth I hae been 'ere now the poet's flame,
And heez'd his sangs to mony blythsome theme,
Wha was't gar'd ALLIE's *chaunter* chirm fu' clear,
Life to the saul, and music to the ear:
Nae stream but kens, and can repeat the lay
To shepherd streekit on the simmer brae,
Wha to their *whistle* wi' the lav'rock bang,
To wauken flocks the rural fields amang.

Bran. But here's the breaulter-wife, and she can tell
Wha's win the day, and wha shou'd wear the bell:

Hae done your din, an' let her judgment join
In final verdict 'twixt your pley and mine.

Luckhaldy. In days o' yore I cou'd my living prize,
Nor fash'd wi' doleful gangers or excise;
But now-a-days we're blythe to lear the thrift
Our heads 'boon *licence* and *excise* to lift:
Inlakes o' BRANDY we can soon supply
By WHISKY tinctur'd wi' the *saffron's* dye.

Will you your breeding threep, ye *mongrel loun?*
Frae hame-bred liquor dy'd to colour brown?
So *flunky* braw, whan dreſt in maſſet's claiſe,
Struts to Auld-Reikie's croſs on funny days,
Till ſome auld comrades, ablins out o' place,
Near the vain upſtart ſhaws his meagre face;
Bumbaz'd he loups frae ſight, and jooks his ken,
Fley'd to be ſeen amang the taſſel'd train.

To the PRINCIPAL *and* PROFESSORS *of the Univerſity of* ST ANDREWS, *on their ſuperb Treat to Dr* SAMUEL JOHNSON.

ST ANDREW'S town may look right gawſy,
Nae *Graſs* will grow upo' her cawſey,
Nor wa'-flow'r o' a yellow dye,
Glour dowy o'er her *Ruins* high,
Sin' *Santny's* head weel pang'd wi' lear
Has ſeen the *Alma Mater* there;

Regents, my winsome billy boys!
'Bout him ye've made an unco noise;
Nae doubt for him your bells wad clink
To find him upon *Eden's* brink,
An' a things nicely set in order,
Wad keep him on the Fifan border;
I'se warrant now, frae France an' Spain,
Baith *Cooks* an' *Scullions* mony ane
Wad gar the pats an' kettle's tingle
Around the college kitchen ingle,
To fleg frae a' your craigs the roup,
Wi' reeking het an' creeshy soup;
And *snails* and *puddocks* mony bunder
Wad beeking lie the hearth-flake under,
Wi' roast and boil'd, an' a kin kind,
To heat the body, cool the mind.

But hear, my lads! gin I'd been there,
How I'd hae trimm'd the bill o' fare!
For ne'er sic surly wight as he
Had met wi' sic respect frae me.
Mind ye what *Sam*, the lying loun!
Has in his Dictionar laid down?
That aits in England are a feast,
To cow an' horse, an' sicken beast,
While in Scots ground this growth was common
To guft the gab o' *Man* an' *Woman*.

Tak tent, ye *Regents!* then, an' hear
My lift o' gudely hamil gear,
Sic as hae often rax'd the wyme
O' blyther fallows mony time,

Mair hardy, souple, steeve, an' swank,
Than ever stood on *Sammy's* shank.
Imprimis, then, a haggis fat,
Weel tottl'd in a seything pat,
Wi' *spice* an' *ingans* weel ca'd thro',
Had help'd to gust the stirrah's mow,
An' plac'd issell in truncher clean
Before the gilpy's glowrin een.
Secundo, then, a gude sheep's head,
Whase hide was singit, never flead,
And four black trotters clad wi' grisle,
Bedown his throat had learn'd to hirsle.
What think ye neist o' gude fat brose,
To clag his ribs? a dainty dose!
And white and bloody puddins routh,
To gar the Doctor skirl, O Drouth!
Whan he cou'd never houp to merit
A cordial glass o' reaming claret,
But thraw his nose, and brize and pegh
O'er the contents o' sma' ale quegh;
Then let his wisdom girn an' snarl
O'er a weel-tostit girdle farl,
An' learn, that, maugre o' his wame,
Ill bairns are ay best heard at hame.
DRUMMOND, lang syne, o' Hawthornden,
The wyliest an' best o' men,
Has gien you dishes ane or mae,
That wad hae gar'd his grinders play,

Not

Not to *Roast Beef*, Auld England's life!
But to the auld *East Nook of Fife**,
Whare Craillian crafts cou'd weel hae gi'en
Scate-rumples to hae clear'd his een;
Than neist, whan *Sammy's* heart was faintin,
He'd lang'd for scate to mak him wanton.
Ah! willawin's for Scotland now,
Whan she maun stap ilk birky's mow
Wi' eistacks, grown as 'tware in pet
In foreign land, or green-house het,
Whan cog o' brose an' cutty spoon
Is a' our cottar-childer's boon,
Wha thro' the week, till Sunday's speal,
Toil for pease-elods an' gude lang kail.
Devall then, Sirs, and never send
For daintiths to regale a friend,
Or, like a torch at baith ends burning,
Your house'll soon grow mirk and mourning!
* What's this I hear some cynic say?
Robin, ye loun! it's nae fair play;
Is there nae ither subject rife
To clap your thumb upo' but *Fife*?
Gie o'er, young man, you'll meet your corning,
Than caption war, or charge o' horning;

Some

* Alluding to two Tunes under these titles.

[* Our Author here alludes to a misunderstanding he had with a Gentleman, a native of Dunfermline, who took amiss the concluding reflection in the *Expedition to Fife* so much, that he sent him a challenge; but which our Author treated with great contempt.]

Some canker'd, furly, four-mou'd carline
Bred near the abbey o' Dumferline,
Your ſhoulders yet may ge a lounder,
An' be of verſe the mal-confounder.
Come on, ye blades! but 'ere ye tuilzie,
Or hack our fleſh wi' ſword or gullie,
Ne'er ſhaw your teeths, nor look like ſtirks,
Nor o'er an empty bicker blirks;
What weets the wizen an' the wyme
Will mend your proſe, and heal my rhyme.

ELEGY

On JOHN HOGG, *late Porter to the Univerſity of* ST ANDREWS.

DEATH, what's ado? the de'il be licket,
Or wi' your *ſtang* you ne'er had pricket,
Or our *auld* ALMA MATER tricket
O' poor John Hogg,
And trail'd him ben thro' your mark wicket
As dead's a log.

Now ilka glaikit ſcholar loun
May dander wae wi' *duddy gown*;
*Kate Kennedy** to dowy crune
May mourn and clink,

And

* A bell in the College ſteeple.

And ſteeples o' St Andrews town
To yird may ſink.

Sin' *Pauly Tam**, wi' canker'd ſnout,
Firſt held the ſtudents in about,
To wear their claes as black as ſoot,
They ne'er had reaſon,
Till Death John's haffit gae a clout
Sae out o' ſeaſon.

Whan *regents* met at common ſchools,
He taught auld *Tam* to hale the dules,
And eident to row right the bowls,
Like ony emmack;
He kept us a' within the rules
Strict academic.

Heh! wha will tell the ſtudents now
To meet the *Pauly* cheek for chow,
Whan he, like *frightſome wirrikow*,
Had wont to rail,
And ſet our ſtammacks in a low,
Or we turn'd tail.

Ah, Johnny! aften did I grumble
Frae cozy bed ſu' ear' to tumble
Whan art and part I'd been in ſome ill,
Troth I was ſwear;

His

† A name given by the ſtudents, at that time, to one of the members of the Univerſity.

His words they brodit like a wumil
Frae ear to ear.

Whan I had been fu' laith to rise,
John than begude to moralize:
" The *tither nap*, the *sluggard* cries,
" And turns him round,
" Sae spake auld Solomon the wise,
" Divine profound!"

Nae dominie, or wise mess John,
Was better lear'd in Solomon;
He cited proverbs one by one
Ilk vice to tame;
He gar'd ilk sinner sigh an' groan,
And fear hell's flame.

" I hae nae meikle skill, quo' he,
" In what you ca' philosophy;
" It tells that baith the earth and sea
" Rin round about;
" Either the Bible tells a lie,
" Or ye're a' out.

" It's i' the *Psalms* o' David writ,
" That this wide warld ne'er should slit,
" But on the water's coshly sit
" Fu' steeve and lasting:
" An' was na he a head o' wit
" At sic contesting!"

On

On einings cauld wi' glee we'd trudge
To heat our ſhins in Johnny's lodge;
The de'il ane thought his bum to budge
Wi' ſiller on us:
To claw *het pints* we'd never grudge
O' *molationſi*.

Say, ye *red gowns!* that aften here
Hae toaſted Cakes to *Katie's* beer,
Gin 'ere thir days hae had their peer,
Sae blyth, ſae daft!
You'll ne'er again in life's career
Sit ha'f ſae ſaft.

Wi' haffit locks ſae ſmooth and ſleek,
John look'd like ony antient Greek;
He was a Naz'rene a' the week,
And doughtna tell out
A bawbee Scots to ſcrape his cheek
Till Sunday fell out.

For John ay loo'd to turn the pence,
Thought poortith was a great offence:
"What recks tho' ye ken *mood* and *tenſe*?
"A hungry *wyme*
"For *gowd* wad wi' them baith diſpenſe
"At ony time.

"Ye ken what ails maun ay befal
"The chiel that will be prodigal;

"What

"Whan wasted to the very ſpaul
"He turns his tuſk,
"For want o' comfort to his ſaul
"O' hungry hulk."
Ye royit louns! juſt do as he'd do;
For mony braw green *ſhaw* an' *meadow*
He's left to cheer his dowy widow,
His winſome *Kate*,
That to him prov'd a canny ſhe-dow,
Baith ear' and late.

THE GHAISTS:

A Kirk-yard Eclogue.

Did you not ſay in good Anna's day,
And vow and did proteſt, Sir,
That when Hanover ſhould come o'er
We ſurely ſhould be bleſt, Sir?
An auld Sang made new again.

WHARE the braid planes in dowy murmurs wave
Their ancient tops out o'er the cauld-clad grave,
Whare *Geordie Girdwood** mony a lang ſpun day,
Houkit for gentleſt banes the humbleſt clay,
'Twa ſheeted ghaiſts, ſae grizly and ſae wan,
'Mang lanely tombs their douff diſcourſe began.

Watſon.

* The late Sexton.

Watſe. Gauld blawe the nippin north wi' angry ſough,
And ſhowers his hailſtanes frae the Caſtle Cleugh
O'er the Grayfriars, whare, at miſheſt hour,
Bogles and ſpectres wont to tak their tour,
Harlin the powe and ſhanks to hidden cairns,
Amang the hamlocks wild, and ſun-burnt fearns:
But nane the night, ſave you and I, hae come
Frae the dreer manſions o' the midnight tomb.
Now whan the dawning's near, whan cocks maun craw,
And wi' his angry bougil gar'e withdraw,
Ayont the Kirk we'll ſtap, and their tak bield,
While the black hours our nightly freedom yield.

Herriot. I'm weel content; but binna caſſen down,
Nor trow the cock will ca' ye hame o'er ſoon,
For tho' the eaſtern lift betakens day,
Changing her rokely black for mantle grey,
Nae weirlike bird our knell of parting ſings,
Nor ſheds the caller moiſture frae his wings.
Nature has chang'd her courſe; the birds o' day
Dozen in ſilence on the bending ſpray,
While owlets round the craigs at noon-tide flee,
And bludy-hawks ſit ſingand on the tree.
Ah, *Caledon!* the land I yence held dear,
Sair mane mak I for thy deſtruction near;
And thou, *Edina!* anes my dear abode,
Whan royal *Jamie* ſway'd the ſovereign rod,
In thae bleſt days, weel did I think beſtow'd
To blaw thy poortith by wi' heaps o' gowd;
To mak thee ſonſy ſeem wi' mony a gift,
And gar thy ſtately turrets ſpeel the lift:

In vain did Danish Jones, wi' gimerack pains,
In Gothic sculpture fret the pliant stanes:
In vain did he affix my statue here,
Brawly to buff wi' flow'rs ilk coming year;
My tow'rs are sunk, my lands are barren now,
My fame, my honour, like my flow'rs, maun dow.

Watson. Sure *Major Weir*, or some sic warlock wight,
Has flung bewitchin' glamour o'er your sight;
Or else some kittle cantrip thrown, I ween,
Has bound in mirkly goes my lain twa ein,
If ever aught frae sense cou'd be believ'd
(And seenil hae my senses been deceiv'd),
This mament, o'er the tap o' *Adam's* tomb,
Fu' easy can I see your chiefest dome:
Nae corbie fleein there, nor croupin craws,
Seem to forspeak the ruin o' thy haws,
But a' your tow'rs in wonted order stand,
Steeve as the rocks that hem our native land.

Herriot. Think na I vent my well-a-day in vain,
Kent ye the cause, ye sure wad join my mane.
Black be the day that e'er to England's ground
Scotland was eikit by the *Union's* bond;
For mony a menzie o' destructive ills
The country now maun brook frae *mortmain bills*,
That void our test'ments, and can freely gie
Sic will and scoup to the ordain'd trustee,
That he may tin our stateliest riggins bare
Nor acres, houses, woods, nor fishins spare,
Till he can lend the stoitering state a lift
Wi' gowd in golvpins as a grassum gift;

In lieu o' whilk, we maun be weel content
To tyne the capital for three *per cent.*
A doughty fum indeed, whan now-a-days
They raiſe proviſions as the ſtents they raiſe.
Yoke hard the poor, and let the rich chiels be,
Pamper'd at eaſe by ither's induſtry.

Hale intereſt for my fund can ſcantly now
Cleed a' my callants backs, and ſtap their mou';
How maun their weyms wi' ſaireſt hunger ſlack,
Their duds in targets flaff upo' their back,
Whan they are doom'd to keep a laſting Lent,
Starving for England's weel at three *per cent!*

Watſon. Auld Reikie than may bleſs the gowden
Whan honeſty and poortith baith are crimes: (times,
She little kend, whan you and I endow'd
Our hoſpitals for back-gaun burghers gude,
That e'er our filler or our lands ſhou'd bring
A gude bien living to a back-gaun king:
Wha, thanks to Miniſtry! is grown ſae wiſe,
He downa chew the bitter cud of vice;
For gin, frae Caſtlehill to Netherbow,
Wad honeſt houſes bawdy-houſes grow,
The Crown wad never ſpear the price o' ſin,
Nor hinder younkers to the de'il to rin!
But gif ſome mortal green for pious fame,
And leave the poor man's pray'r to ſain his name,
His gear maun a' be ſcatter'd by the claws
O' ruthleſs, ravenous, and harpy laws;
Yet, ſhou'd I think, altho' the bill tak place,
The Council winna lack ſae meikle grace,

As lat our heritage at wmworth gang,
Or the ſucceeding generations wrang
O' braw bien maintenance and wealth o' lear,
Whilk ele had drappit to their children's ſkair;
For mony a deep, and mony a rare engyne
Hae ſprung frae Herriot's Wark, and ſprang frae mine.

Herriot. I find, my friend, that ye but little ken,
'There's ei'now on the earth a ſet o' men,
Wha, if they get their private pouches lin'd,
Gie nae a winnelſtrae for a' mankiad;
They'll ſell their country, frae their conſcience bare,
To gar the weigh-bauk turn a ſingle hair.
The Government need only bait the line
Wi' the prevailing flee, the gowden coin;
Than our executors, and wife truſtees,
Will ſell them ſiſhes in forbidden ſeas,
Upo' their dwining country girn in ſport,
Laugh i' their ſleeve, and get a place at court.

Watſ. 'Ere that day come, I'll 'mang our ſpirits pick
Some ghaiſt that trokes and conjures wi' *Auld Nick*,
To gar the wind wi' rougher rumbles blaw,
And weightier thrads than ever mortal ſaw:
Fire-flaught and hail, wi' tenfauld fury's fires,
Shall lay yerd-laigh Edina's airy ſpires:
Tweed ſhall rin rowtin' down his banks out o'er,
Till Scotland's out o' reach o' England's pow'r;
Upo' the briny Borean jaws to float,
And mourn in dowy laughs her dowy lot.

Herriot. Yonder's the tomb o' wife *Mackenzie* fam'd,
Whaſe laws rebellious bigotry reclaim'd,

Freed the hale land o' covenanting fools,
Wha erst hae fash'd us wi' unnumber'd dools;
Till night we'll tak the swaird aboon our pows,
And than, whan she her ebon chariot rows,
We'll travel to the vaut wi' stealing stap,
And wauk *Mackenzie* frae his quiet nap;
Tell him our ails, that he, wi' wonted skill,
May fleg the schemers o' the *mortmain bill*.

[The preceding Poem was written about the time a Bill was in agitation for vesting the whole Funds of Hospitals, and other Charities throughout the Kingdom, in Government stock at three per cent.]

TO MY AULD BREEKS.

NOW gae your wa's—Tho' anes as gude
As ever happit *flesh* and *blade*,
Yet part we maun—The case sae hard is,
Amang the Writers and the Bardies,
That lang they'll brook the *auld* b'trow,
Or neighbours cry, "Weel brook the *hews*"
Still making tight wi' tither steek
The tither hole, the tither eik,
To bang the birr o' winter's anger,—
And had the hurdies out o' langer.

Sicklike some weary wight will fill
His kyte wi' *drogs* frae doctor's *bill*,
Thinking to tack the tither year
To life, and look baith hail an' fier,

Till at the lang-run Death dirks in,
To birze his saul ayont his skin.
You needna wag your *dads* o' clouts,
Nor fa' into your dorty pouts,
To think that erst you've hain'd my *tail*
Frae *wind* and *wiet*, frae *snaw* and *hail*,
And for reward, whan bauld and bummil,
Frae garret high to dree a tumble.
For you I car'd, as lang's ye dow'd
Be lin'd wi' filler or wi' gowd:
Now to befriend, it wad be folly,
Your raggit hide and pouches holey;
For wha but kens a poet's placks
Get mony weary flaws an' cracks,
And canna thole to hae them tint,
As he sae seenil sees the mint?
Yet round the warld keek and see,
That ithers fare as ill as thee;
For weel we loe the chiel we think
Can get us tick, or gie us drink,
Till o' his purse we've seen the bottom,
Than we despise, and hae forgot him.
Yet gratefu' hearts, to make amends,
Will ay be sorry for their friends,
And I for thee—As mony a time
Wi' you I've speel'd the braes o' rhime,
Whare for the time the Muse ne'er cares
For filler, or sic guilefu' wares,
Wi' whilk we drumly grow, and crabbit,
Dour, caperhoited, thrawin gabbit.

And

And brither, ſiſter, friend and ſae,
Without remeid o' kindred, ſlae.
You've ſeen me round the bickers reel
Wi' heart as hale as temper'd ſteel,
And face ſae apen, free and blyth,
Nor thought that ſorrow there cou'd kyth;
But the neiſt mament this was loſt,
Like gowan in December's froſt.
Cou'd *Prick-the-louſe* but be ſae handy
As mak the breeks and claiſe to ſtand ay,
Thro' thick and thin wi' you I'd daſh on,
Nor mind the folly o' the faſhion:
But, hegh! the times' *viciſſitudo*
Gars ither breeks decay as you do.
The Macaronies, braw and windy,
Maun fail—*Sic tranſit gloria mundi!*
Now ſpeed you to ſome maiden's chaumer,
That butt an' ben rings dule an' clamour,
Aſk her, in kindneſs, if ſhe ſeeks
In hidling ways *to wear the breeks?*
Safe you may dwall, tho' mould and motty,
Beneath the veil o' under coatie,
For this mair fauts nor your's can ſcreen
Frae lover's quickeſt ſenſe, his ein.
Or gif ſome bard, in lucky times,
Shou'd profit meikle by his rhimes,
And pace awa', wi' ſmirky face,
In filler or in gowden lace,
Glowr in his face, like ſpectre gaunt,
Remind him o' his former want,

To

To cow his daffin and his pleasure,
And gar him live within the measure.
So *Philip*, it is said, when bounding
O'er *Macedon* a just and gude king,
Fearing that power might plume his feather,
And bid him stretch beyond his tether,
Ilk morning to his lug wad ca'
A tiny servant o' his ha',
To tell him to improve his span,
For *Philip* was, like him, a *Man*.

AULD REIKIE.

AULD REIKIE, wale o' ilka town
That *Scotland* kens beneath the moon!
Whare couthy chiels at e'ening meet
Their bizzing *cracks* and *mous* to weet;
And blythly gar auld care gae by
Wi' blinkit and wi' bleering eye:
O'er lang frae thee the Muse has been
Sae frisky on the *Simmer's* green,
Whan flowers and gowans wont to glent
In bonny blinks upo' the bent;
But now the *leaves* o' yellow dye,
Peel'd frae the *branches*, quickly fly;
And now frae nouther bush nor briar
The spreckl'd *mavis* greets your ear;
Nor bonny blackbird *flims* and *rovers*
To seek his love in yonder groves.

Then

Then *Reikie*, welcome! Thou canst charm
Unfleggit by the year's alarm;
Not Boreas, that lies snelly blows,
Dare here pap in his angry nose:
Thanks to our *lands*, while biggin ſtands
A ſhelter to ſurrounding lands.

Now morn, wi' bonny purple ſmiles,
Kiſſes the air-cock o' St Giles;
Rakin their ein, the ſervant laſſes
Early begin their lies and claſhes;
Ilk tells her friend o' ſaddest diſtreſs,
That ſtill ſhe brooks frae ſcouling miſtreſs;
And wi' her joe in turnpike ſtair
She'd rather ſmuff the ſtinking air,
As be ſubjected to her tongue,
When juſtly cenſur'd i' the wrong.

On ſtair wi' *tub*, or *pat* in hand,
The barefoot *houſemaids* loe to ſtand,
That antrin ſock may ken how *ſmell*
Auld Reikie will at-morning *ſmell*:
Then, with an *inundation big* as
The *burn* that 'neath the *Nor' Loch brig* is,
They kindly ſhower Edina's roſes,
To *quicken* and *regale* our *noſes*.
Now ſome for this, wi' ſatire's ſteeth,
Hae gi'en auld Edinbrough a creeth:
But without ſouring nocht is ſweet;
The morning ſmells that hail our ſtreet,
Prepare and gently lead the way
To ſimmer canty, braw and gay.

Edina's

Edina's ſons maun eithly ſhare
Her ſpices and her dainties rare,
Than he that's never yet been call'd
Aff frae his plaidie or his fauld.

Now ſtair-head critics, ſenſeleſs fools,
Cenſure their aim, and *pride* their rules,
In *Luckenbooths* wi' glouring eyes
Their neighbours ſma'eſt fauts deſcry;
If ony loun ſhould dander there,
O' aukward gate, and foreign air,
They trace his ſteps, till they can tell
His *pedigree* as weel's himſell.

Whan Phœbus blinks wi' warmer ray,
And ſchools at noon-day get the play,
Then, bus'neſs, weighty bus'neſs, comes,
The trader glours; he doubts, he hums;
The lawyers eke to croſs repair,
Their wings to ſhaw, and toſs an air;
While buſy agent cloſely plies,
And a' his kittle caſes tries.

Now night, that's cunzied chief for fun,
Is wi' her uſual rites begun;
Thro' ilka gate the torches blaze,
And globes ſend out their blinkin rays.
The uſefu' cadie plies in ſtreet,
To bide the profits o' his feet;
For by thir lads Auld Reikie's ſock
Ken but a *ſample* o' the ſtock.
O' thieves, that nightly wad oppreſs,
And mak baith goods and gear the leſs,

Near

Near him the lazy chairman ſtands,
And wats na how to turn his hands;
Till ſome daft birky, ranting fu',
Has matters ſomewhare elſe to do;
The chairman willing gi'es his light
To deeds o' darkneſs and o' night.

It's never ſax-pence for a lift
That gars thir lads wi' fu'neſs rift;
For they wi' better gear are paid,
And *whores* and *culls* ſupport their trade.

Near ſome lamp-poſt, wi' dowy face,
Wi' heavy ein, and ſour grimace,
Stands ſhe that beauty lang had kend,
Whoredom her trade, and vice her end.
But ſee whare now ſhe wins her bread
By that which nature ne'er decreed;
And various ditties ſings to pleaſe
Fell Diſſipation's votaries.
Whane'er we reputation loſe,
Fair chaſtity's tranſparent gloſs!
Redemption ſeenil kens the name,
But a's black miſery and ſhame.

Frae joyous tavern, reeling drunk,
Wi' fiery phizz, and ein half ſunk,
Behad the bruiſer, fae to a',
That in the reek o' gardies fa'
Cloſe by his ſide, a feckleſs race
O' macaronies ſhaw their face,
And think they're free frae ſkaith or harm,
While pith befriends their leaders arm:

Yet

Yet fearfu' aften o' their maught,
They quit the glory o' the faught
To this ſame warrior wha led
Thae heroes to bright honour's bed:
And aft the hack o' honour ſhines
In bruiſer's face wi' broken lines:
O' them ſad tales he tells anon,
Whan ramble and whan fighting's done:
And, like Hectorian, ne'er impairs
The brag and glory o' his fairs.

Whan feet in dirty gutters plaſh,
And fock to wale their fitſtaps faſh;
At night the macaroni drunk,
In pools and gutters aftimes ſunk;
Hegh! what a fright he now appears,
Whan he his corpſe dejected rears!
Look at that head, and think if there
The pomet ſlaiſter'd up his hair!
The cheeks obſerve, where now cou'd ſhine
The ſcanſing glories o' carmine!
Ah, legs! in vain the ſilk-worm there
Diſplay'd to view her eident care;
For ſtink, inſtead of perfumes, grow,
And clarty odours fragrant flow.

Now ſome to porter, ſome to punch,
Some to their wife, and ſome their wench,
Retire, while noiſy ten-hours' drum
Gars a' your trades gae dand'ring hame.
Now mony a club, jocoſe and free,
Gie a' to merriment and glee:

Wi'

Wi' ſang and glaſs, they fley the pow'r
O' care that wad harraſs the hour:
For wine and Bacchus ſtill bear down
Our thrawart fortune's wildeſt frown:
It maks you ſtark, and bauld, and brave,
E'en whan deſcending to the grave.

Now ſome, in *Pandemonium's** ſhade,
Reſume the gormandizing trade;
Whare eager *looks*, and glancing *ein*,
Foreſpeak a *heart* and *ſtamack* keen.
Gang on, my lads; it's lang ſin ſyne
We kent auld *Epicurus'* line;
Save you the *beard* wad ceaſe to riſe,
Bedight wi' *daintiths* to the ſkies;
And ſalamanders ceaſe to ſwill
The *comforts* o' a *burning* gill.

But chief, O *Cape!** we crave thy aid,
To get our cares and poortith laid:
Sincerity, and genius true,
O' knights have never been the due:
Mirth, muſic, porter deepeſt dy'd,
Are never here to worth deny'd;——
And health, o' happineſs the queen,
Blinks bonny, wi' her ſmile ſerene.

Tho' joy maiſt part Auld Reikie owns,
Eftſoons ſhe kens ſad ſorrow's frowns;
What groupe is yon ſae diſmal, grim,
Wi' horrid aſpect, cleeding dim?

Saye

* Two ſocial clubs.

Says Death they're mine, a downy crew,
To me they'll quickly pay their laſt adieu.

How come mankind, whan likening woe,
In *Saulie's* face their hearts to ſhow,
As if they were a clock to tell
That grief in them had rung her bell?
Then, what is man? why a' this phraze?
Life's ſpunk decay'd nae mair can blaze.
Let ſober grief alane declare
Our fond anxiety and care:
Nor let the undertakers be
The only waefu' friends we ſee.

Come on, my Muſe, and then rehearſe
The gloomieſt theme in a' your verſe:
In mornings when ane keeks about,
Fu' blyth and free frae ail, nae doubt
He lippens na to be miſſed
Amang the regions o' the dead:
But ſtraight a painted corp he ſees,
Lang ſtreekit 'neath its canopies.
Soon, ſoon will this his mirth controul,
And ſend d——n to his ſoul:
Or whan the dead-dale, (awfu' ſhape!)
Makes frighted mankind girn and gape,
Reflection than his reaſon ſours,
For the neiſt dead-dale may be ours.
When Sybil led the Trojan down
To haggard *Pluto's* dreary town,
Shapes war nor thae, I freely ween,
Cou'd never meet the ſogers' ein.

If

If kail ſae green, or herbs, delight,
Edina's ſtreet attracts the ſight;
Not Covent-garden, clad ſae braw,
Mair fouth o' herbs can eithly ſhaw:
For mony a yeard is here ſair ſought,
That kail and cabbage may be bought,
And healthfu' ſallad to regale,
Whan pamper'd wi' a heavy meal.
Glour up the ſtreet at ſimmer morn,
The birk ſae green, and ſweet-briar thorn,
Wi' ſpraingit flow'rs that ſcent the gale,
Ca' far awa the morning ſmell,
Wi' which our ladies' flow'r-pat's fill'd,
And every noxious vapour kill'd.
O nature! canty, blyth and free,
Whare is there keeking-glaſs like thee?
Is there on earth that can compare
Wi' Mary's ſhape, and Mary's air,
Save the empurpl'd ſpeck that grows
In the ſaft faulds o' yonder roſe?
How bonny ſeems the virgin breaſt,
Whan by the lillies here careſt,
And leaves the mind in doubt to tell
Which maiſt in ſweets and hue excell?
Gilleſpie's ſnuff ſhould prime the noſe
O' her that to the market goes,
If ſhe wad like to ſhun the ſmells
That buoy up frae market cells;
Whare wames o' painches' ſav'ry ſcent
To noſtrils gie great diſcontent.

Now wha in *Albion* could expect
O' cleanlineſs ſic great neglect?
Nae Hottentot that daily lairs
'Mang tripe or ither clarty wares,
Hath ever yet conceiv'd, or ſeen
Beyond the line, ſic ſcenes unclean.

On Sunday here, an alter'd ſcene,
O' men and manners meets our een:
Ane wad maiſt trow ſome people chooſe
To change their faces wi' their clo'es,
And fain wad gar ilk neighbour think
They thirſt for goodneſs as for drink;
But there's an uneo dearth o' grace,
That has nae manſion but the face,
And never can obtain a part
In benmoſt corner o' the heart.
Why ſhou'd religion mak us ſad,
If good frae Virtue's to be had?
Na, rather gleeſu' turn your face;
Forſake hypocriſy, grimace;
And never hae it underſtood
You fleg mankind frae being good.

In afternoon, a' brawly buſkit,
The joes and laſſes loe to friſk it:
Some tak a great delight to place
The modeſt *bon-grace* o'er the face;
Tho' you may ſee, if ſo inclin'd,
The turning o' the leg behind.
Now Comely-garden, and the Park,
Refreſh them, after forenoon's wark;

Newhaven, Leith, or Fisher-mills,
Supply them in their Sunday's gills;
Whare writers often spend their pence,
To stock their heads wi' drink an' sense.
While dand'ring cits delight to stray
To Castlehill, or public way,
Whare they nae other purpose mean,
Than that foul cause o' being seen;
Let me to *Arthur's Seat* pursue,
Whare bonny pastures meet the view;
And mony a wild-lorn scene accrues,
Befitting *Willie Shakespeare's* muse:
If fancy there wou'd join the throng,
The desart rocks and hills amang,
To echoes we should lilt and play,
And gie to *Mirth* the live-lang day.
Or shou'd some canker'd biting shower
The day and a' her sweets deflow'r,
To Holyrood-house let me stray,
And gie to musing a' the day;
Lamenting what auld *Scotland* knew
Bien days for ever frae her view;
O HAMILTON, for shame! the Muse,
Wad pay to thee her couthy vows,
Gin ye wad tent the humble strains,
And gie's our dignity again:
For O, waes me! the Thistle springs
In *domicile* o' antient kings,
Without a patriot to regret
Our *palace* and our ancient *seat*.

Bleſt place! whare *debtors* daily run,
To rid themſels frae jail and dun;
Here, tho' ſequeſter'd frae the din
That rings *Auld Reikie*'s wa's within,
Yet they may tread the funny braes,
And brook Apollo's cheary rays;
Glour frae *St Anthon*'s graſſy height,
O'er vales in ſimmer claiſe bedight,
Nor ever hing their head, I ween,
Wi' jealous fear o' being ſeen.
May I, whanever *duns* come nigh,
And ſhake my garret wi' their cry,
Scour here wi' haſte, protection get,
To ſcreen myſell frae them and debt;
To breathe the bliſs o' open ſky,
And *Simon Fraſer*'s* bolts defy.

Now gin a loun ſhou'd hae his claiſe
In thread-bare autumn o' their days,
St *Mary*, broker's guardian ſaint,
Will ſatisfy ilk ail and want;
For mony a hungary writer there
Dives down at night, wi' cleeding bare,
And quickly riſes to the view
A gentleman perfyte and new.
Ye rich fock, look na wi' diſdain
Upo' this antient brokage lane!
For naked poets are ſupply'd
Wi' what you to their wants deny'd.

Peace

* The late Keeper of the Tolbooth.

Peace to thy ſhade, thou wale o' men,
DRUMMOND! relief to poortith's pain:
To thee the greateſt bleſs we owe,
And tribute's tear ſhall grateful flow;
The ſick are cur'd, the hungry fed,
And dreams o' comfort tend their bed.
As lang as *Forth* weets *Lothian's* ſhore,
As lang's on *Fife* her billows roar,
Sae lang ſhall ilk whaſe country's dear,
To thy remembrance gie a tear.
By thee *Auld Reikie* thrave and grew
Delightfu' to her childer's view:
Na mair ſhall *Glaſgow* ſtriplins threep
Their city's beauty and its ſhape,
While our new city ſpreads around
Her bonny wings on fairy ground.
But Provoſts now that ne'er afford
The ſmaeſt dignity to *lord*,
Ne'er care tho' every ſcheme gae wild
That DRUMMOND's ſacred hand has cuſh'd:
The ſpacious *Brig* * neglected lies,
Tho' plagu'd wi' pamphlets, dunn'd wi' cries;
They heed not tho' deſtruction come
To gulp us in her gaunting womb.
O ſhame! that ſafety canna claim
Protection from a provoſt's name,
But hidden danger lies behind
To torture and to fleg the mind;

* The author here alludes to the ſtate of the North Bridge, after its fall.

I may as weel bid *Arthur's Seat*
To *Berwick-Law* mak sleg retreat,
As think that either will or wit
Shall get the gate to win their heart;
For Politics are a' their mark,
Bribes latent, and corruption dark:
If they can eithly turn the pence,
Wi' city's good they will dispense;
Nor care tho' a' her sons were lair'd
Ten fathom i' the auld kirk-yard.
To sing yet meikle does remain,
Undecent for a modest strain;
And sin' the poet's daily bread is
The favour o' the Muse or ladies,
He downa like to gie offence
To delicacy's bonny sense;
Therefore the rest we'll maun unsung,
And bawds in silence drap their tongue.

REIKIE, farewell! I never cou'd part
Wi' thee but wi' a dowy heart;
Aft frae the *Fifan* coast I've seen
Thee tow'ring on thy summit green.
So glowr the saints when first is given
A fav'rite keek o' glore and heaven;
On earth nae mair they bend their ein,
But quick assume angelic mein;
So I on *Fife* wad glowr no more,
But gallop'd to EDINA's shore.

HAME

HAME CONTENT.

A SATIRE.

To all whom it may concern.

SOME fock, like *bees*, fu' gleigly rin
To bikes bang'd fu' o' ſtrife and din,
And thieve and huddle crumb by crumb,
Till they have ſcrapit the dautit *Plumb*,
Then craw fell crouſly o' their wark,
Tell o'er their turners *mark* by *mark*,
Yet dare na think to lowſe the poſe,
To aid their neighbours ails and woes.

Gif *goud* can fetter thus the heart,
And gar us act ſae baſe a part,
Shall *Man*, a niggard, near-gawn elf!
Rin to the tether's end for pelf;
Learn ilka cunzied ſcoundrel's trick,
Whan a's done ſell his ſaul to *Nick*:
I trow they've coſt the purchaſe dear,
That gang ſic lengths for warldly gear.

Now whan the *Dog-day* heats begin
To birſle and to peel the ſkin,
May I lie ſtreekit at my eaſe,
Beneath the caller ſhady trees,
(Far frae the din o' Borrowſtown,)
Whare water plays the haughs bedown;
To jouk the ſimmer's rigour there,
And breath a while the caller air,

'Mang

'Mang herds, an' honeſt cottar fock,
That till the farm an' feed the flock;
Careleſs o' mair, wha never faſh
To lade their *kiſt* wi' uſeleſs *caſh*,
But thank the *Gods* for what they've ſent,
O' health eneugh, and blyth content,
An' *pith*, that helps them to ſtravaig
Owr ilka cleugh an' ilka craig;
Unkend to a' the weary granes
That aft ariſe frae gentler banes,
On eaſy chair that pamper'd lie,
Wi' banefu' viands guſtit high,
And turn an' fauld their weary clay,
To rax an' gaunt the live-lang day.
Ye ſages tell! was man e'er made
To dree this hatefu' ſluggard trade?
Steekit frae Nature's beauties a',
That daily on his preſence ca';
At hame to girn, and whinge, and pine
For fav'rite diſhes, fav'rite wine!
Come, then, ſhak aff thir ſluggiſh ties,
And wi' the bird o' dawning riſe!
On ilka bank the clouds hae ſpread
Wi' blobs o' dew a pearly bed;
Frae faulds nae mair the owſen rout,
But to the fatt'ning clover lout,
Whare they may feed at heart's content,
Unyokit frae their winter's ſtent.
Unyoke thee, man, an' binna ſwear
To ding a hole in ill-hain'd gear!

O think

O think that *eild*, wi' wyly fit,
Is wearing nearer bit by bit!
Gin yence he claws you wi' his paw,
What's siller for? Fiend hae't awa!
But *gowden* playfair, that may please
The second *sharger* till he dies.

Some daft chiel reads, and taks advice;
The chaise is yokit in a trice;
Awa drives he like huntit de'il,
And scarce tholes *time* to cool his wheel,
Till he's Lord ken's how far awa',
At Italy, or weel a' Spa,
Or to Montpelier's safter air;
For far aff *fools* hae *feathers* fair.

There rest him weel; for eith can we
Spare mony glakit gouks like he;
They'll tell whare *Tiber*'s waters rise;
What *sea* receives the drumly prize,
That never wi' their feet hae met
The *marches* o' their ain estate.

The *Arno* and the *Tiber* lang
Hae run fell clear in Roman sang;
But save the reverence o' schools,
They're baith but lifeless, dowy pools.
Dought they compare wi' bonny Tweed,
As clear as ony lammer-bead?
Or are their shores mair sweet and gay
Than Fortha's haughs or banks o' Tay?
Tho' there the herds can jink the show'rs
'Mang thriving vines an' myrtle bow'rs,

And

And blaw the reed to kittle ſtrains,
While echo's tongue commends their pains.
Like ours, they canna warm the heart
Wi' ſimple, ſaft bewitching art.
On Leader haughs an' Yarrow braes,
Arcadian herds wad tyne their lays,
To hear the mair melodious ſounds
That live on our *poetic* grounds.

Come *Fancy!* come, and let us tread
The ſimmer's flow'ry velvet bed,
And a' your *ſprings* delightfu' lowſe
On *Tweida*'s bank or *Cowdenknowes*,
That ta'en wi' thy enchanting ſang,
Our Scottiſh lads may round ye thrang,
Sae pleas'd they'll never faſh again
To court you on Italian plain;
Soon will they gueſs you only wear
The ſimple garb o' *Nature* here;
Mair comely far an' fair to ſight,
Whan in her eaſy cleething dight,
Than in diſguiſe ye was before
On Tiber's, or on Arno's ſhore.

O *Bangour**! Now the hills and dales
Nae mair gie back thy tender tales!
The birks on Yarrow now deplore
Thy mournfu' muſe has left the ſhore:
Near what bright burn or cryſtal ſpring
Did you your winſome whiſtle hing?

The

* Mr Hamilton of Bangour.

The Muſe ſhall there, wi' *watry* eie,
Gie the dunk ſwaird a tear for thee;
And Yarrow's genius, dowy dame!
Shall there forget her blude-ſtain'd ſtream,
On thy ſad grave to ſeek repoſe,
Who mourn'd her fate, condol'd her woes.

EPISTLE TO MR ROBERT FERGUSSON.

Is Allan riſen frae the dead,
Wha aft has tun'd the aiten reed,
And by the Muſes was decreed
To grace the thiſtle?
Na; Fergusſon's come in his ſtead
To blaw the whiſtle.

In troth, my callant, I'm ſae fain
To read your ſonſy, canty ſtrain,
You write ſic eaſy ſtile and plain,
And words ſae bonny,
Nae ſouthern loun dare you diſdain,
Or cry, *Fy on ye!*

Whae'er has at *Auld Reikie* been,
And king's birth-day's exploits has ſeen,
Maun own that ye hae gi'en a keen
And true deſcription;
Nor ſay ye've at Parnaſſus been
To form a fiction.

Hale be your heart, ye canty chield!
May ye ne'er want a gude warm bield,
And fic good cakes as Scotland yield,
And ilka dainty
That grows or feeds upo' her field,
And whisky plenty.

But ye, perhaps, thirst mair for fame,
Than a' the gude things I can name,
And than ye will be fair to blame
My gude intention:
For that ye needna gae frae hame,
You've fic pretension.

Sae saft and sweet your verses jingle,
An' your auld words sae meetly mingle,
'Twill gar baith married fock an' single
To roose your lays;
Whan we forgether round the ingle,
We'll chant your praise.

Whan I again *Auld Reikie* see,
An' can forgether, lad, wi' thee,
Then we wi' meikle mirth an' glee
Shall tak a gill,
And o' your *taller oysters* we
Shall eat our fill.

If fic a thing shou'd you betide,
To Berwick town to tak a ride,

Ise tak ye up Tweed's bonny side
Before ye settle
And shaw you there the fisher's pride,
A Sa'mon kettle.

There lads an' lasses do conveen
To feast an' dance upo' the green,
An' there sic brav'ry may be seen
As will confound ye,
An' gar ye glour out baith your een
At a' around ye.

To see sae mony bosoms bare,
An' sic huge puddins i' their hair,
An' some o' them wi' naithing mair
Upo' their tete;
Yea, some wi' mutches that might scare
Craws frae their meat.

I ne'er appear'd before in print,
But for your sake wou'd fain be in't
E'en that I might my wishes hint
That you'd write mair;
For sure your head-piece is a mint
Whare wit's nae rate.

Sonse fa' me, gif I hadna lure
I cou'd command ilk Muse as sure,
Than hae a chariot at the door
To wait upo' me;

Tho', poet-like, I'm but a poor
Mid-Lothian Johnnie.

Berwick, Aug. 31. 1773. J. S.

ANSWER TO MR J. S.'s EPISTLE.

I TROW, my mettl'd Loutian lathie,
Auld farren birky I maun ca' thee,
For whan in gude black print I ſaw thee
Wi' ſouple gab,
I ſkirl'd fu' loud, "Oh wae befa' thee!
"But thou'rt a dab."

Awa', ye wylie fleetchin *fallow!*
The roſe ſhall grow like gowan yallow,
Before I turn ſae toom an' ſhallow,
And void of fuſion,
As a' your butter'd words to ſwallow
In vain deluſion.

Ye mak my Muſe a dautit pet;
But gin ſhe cou'd like *Allan*'s met,
Or *couthy cracks* and *hamely* get
'Upo' her *caritch*,
Eithly wad I be in your debt
A pint o' paritch.

At times whan she may lowse her pack,
I'll grant that she can find a knack
To gar auld-warld wordies clack
In hame-spun rhime,
While ilk ane at his *billie*'s back
Keeps gude *Scots* time.

But she maun e'en be glad to jook,
An' play *teet-bo* frae nook to nook,
Or bluſh as gin she had the yook
Upo' her ſkin,
Whan *Ramſay* or whan *Pennicuik*
Their lilts begin.

At morning ear', or late at e'en,
Gin ye ſud hap to come and ſee ane,
Nor niggard *wife*, nor greetin wee-ane,
Within my cloyſter,
Can challenge you and me frae preein
A caller oyſter.

Heh, lad! it wad be news indeed,
Ware I to ride to bonny *Tweed*,
Wha ne'er laid *gamon* o'er a ſteed
Beyont *Luſtermick*;
And auld ſhanks-nag wad tire, I dread,
To pace to *Berwick*.

You crack weel o' your laſſes there,
Their glancin een and bilket bare;

But thof this town be *smeekit* fair,
I'll wad a *farden*,
Than ours there's nane mair fat an' fair,
Cravin your pardon.

Gin *heaven* ſhou'd gie the *earth* a drink,
And afterhend a ſunny blink,
Gin ye ware here, I'm ſure you'd think
It worth your notice,
To ſee them *dubbs* and gutters jink
Wi' kiltit coaties.

And frae ilk corner o' the nation,
We've laſſes eke o' recreation,
Wha at cloſe-mou's tak up their ſtation
By ten o'clock:
The Lord deliver frae temptation
A' honeſt fock!

Thir queans are ay upo' the catch
For *purſy*, *pocket-book*, or *watch*,
And can ſae glib their *letſins* hatch,
That ye'll agree
Ye canna eithly meet their match
'Tween you and me.

For this gude ſample o' your ſkill,
I'm reſtin you a pint o' yale,
By an' attour a Highland gill
O' *Aquavitæ*:

The which to come and ſock at will,
I here invite ye.

Tho' jillet Fortune ſcoul an' quarrel,
And keep me frae a bien beef barrel,
As lang's I've twopence i' the warl'
I'll ay be vockie
To part a *fadge* or *girdle farl*
Wi' Louthian jockie.

Farewel, my cock! Lang may ye thrive,
Weel happit in a cozy hive;
And that your ſaul may never dive
To *Acheron*,
I'll wiſh as lang's I can ſubſcrive
ROB. FERGUSSON.

POSTHUMOUS

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POSTHUMOUS

POSTHUMOUS PIECES.

JOB, CHAP. III. PARAPHRASED.

PERISH the fatal DAY when I was born
The NIGHT with dreary darkneſs be forlorn;
The loathed, hateful, and lamented night
When JOB, 'twas told, had firſt perceiv'd the light;
Let it be dark, nor let the GOD on high
Regard it with the favour of his eye;
Let blackeſt darkneſs and death's awful ſhade
Stain it, and make the trembling earth afraid;
Be it not join'd unto the varying year,
Nor to the fleeting months in ſwift career.
Lo! let the night in ſolitude's diſmay
Be dumb to joy, and waſte in gloom away;
On it may twilight ſtars be never known;
Light let it wiſh for, Lord! but give it none;
Curſe it let them who curſe the paſſing day,
And to the voice of mourning raiſe the lay;
Nor ever be the face of dawning ſeen
To ope its luſtre on th' enamel'd green;
Becauſe it ſeal'd not up my *mother's womb*,
Nor hid from me the SORROWS doom'd to come.
Why have I not from *mother's womb* expir'd?
My life reſign'd when life was firſt requir'd?

Why

Why did ſupporting knees prevent my death,
Or ſuckling breaſts ſuſtain my infant breath?
For how my ſoul with quiet had been bleſt,
With kings and counſellors of earth at reſt,
Who bade the houſe of deſolation riſe,
And awful ruin ſtrike tyrannic eyes,
Or with the princes unto whom were told
Rich ſtore of ſilver and corrupting gold;
Or, as untimely birth, I had not been,
Like infant who the light hath never ſeen;
For there the wicked from their trouble ceaſe,
And there the weary find their laſting peace;
There the poor priſoners together reſt,
Nor by the hand of injury oppreſt;
The ſmall and great together mingl'd are
And free the ſervant from his maſter there;
Say, wherefore has an over-bounteous heaven
Light to the comfortleſs and wretched given?
Why ſhould the troubl'd and oppreſs'd in ſoul
Fret over reſtleſs life's unſettled bowl,
Who long for death, who lifts not to their pray'r,
And dig as for the treaſures hid afar;
Who with exceſs of joy are bleſt and glad,
Rejoic'd when in the tomb of ſilence laid?
Why then is grateful light beſtow'd on man,
Whoſe life is darkneſs, all his days a ſpan?
For 'ere the morn return'd my ſighing came,
My mourning pour'd out as the mountain ſtream;
Wild viſag'd fear, with ſorrow-mingled eye,
And wan deſtruction piteous ſtar'd me nigh;

For

For tho' no reſt nor ſafety bleſt my ſoul,
New trouble came, new darkneſs, new controul.

ODE TO HORROR.

O Thou who with inceſſant gloom
Court's the receſs of midnight tomb!
Admit me of thy mournful throng,
The ſcatter'd woods and wilds among;
If e'er thy diſcontented ear
The voice of *ſympathy* can chear,
My melancholy boſom's ſigh
Shall to your mournful plaint reply;
There to the fear-foreboding owl
The angry *Furies* hiſs and howl;
Or near the mountain's pendant brow
Where ruſh-clad ſtreams in cadent murmurs flow.

Epode. Who's he that with imploring eye
Salutes the roſy dawning ſky?
The cock proclaims the morn in vain,
His ſp'rit to drive to its domain;
For morning light can but return
To bid the wretched wail and mourn:
Not the bright dawning's purple eye
Can cauſe the frightful vapours fly,
Nor ſultry Sol's meridian throne
Can bid ſurrounding fears begone;
The gloom of night will ſtill preſide,
While angry conſcience ſtares on either ſide.

Strophe.

Strophe. To eaſe his ſore diſtemper'd head,
Sometimes upon the rocky bed
Reclin'd he lies, to liſt the ſound
Of whiſpering reed in vale profound:
Happy if *Morpheus* viſits there,
A while to lull his woe and care;
Send ſweeter fancies to his aid,
And teach him to be undiſmay'd:
Yet wretched ſtill, for when no more
The gods their opiate balſam pour,
Ah, me! he ſtarts, and views again
The Lybian monſter prance along the plain.

Now from the oozing caves he flies,
And to the city's *tumults* hies,
Thinking to frolick life away,
Be ever chearful, ever gay:
But tho' enwrapt in noiſe and ſmoke,
They ne'er can heal his peace when broke;
His fears ariſe, he ſighs again
For ſolitude on rural plain;
Even there his wiſhes all conveen
To bear him to his noiſe again.
Thus tortur'd, rack'd, and ſore oppreſt,
He conſtant hunts, but never finds his reſt.

Antiſtrophe. Oh exerciſe! thou healing power,
The toiling ruſtic's chiefeſt dower;
Be thou with parent virtue join'd
To quell the tumults of the mind;
Then *man* as much of joy can ſhare
From ruffian winter, bleakly bare,

As

As from the pure ætherial blaze
That wantons in the ſummer rays;
The humble cottage then can bring
Content, the comfort of a king;
And gloomy mortals wiſh no more
For wealth and idleneſs to make them poor.

ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

I.

THOU joyous fiend, life's conſtant foe,
Sad *ſource* of care and *ſpring* of woe,
Soft pleaſure's hard controul;
Her gayeſt haunts for ever nigh,
Stern miſtreſs of the ſecret ſigh,
That ſwells the murm'ring ſoul.

II.

Why haunt'ſt thou me thro' deſarts drear?
With grief-ſwoln ſounds why wound my ear,
Denied to *pity's* aid?
Thy viſage wan did e'er I woo,
Or at thy feet in homage bow,
Or court thy ſullen ſhade?

III.

Even now enchanted ſcenes abound,
Elyſian glories ſtrew the ground,
To lure th' aſtoniſh'd eyes;
Now *Horrors*, *Hell*, and *Furies* reign,

And deſolate the fairy ſcene
Of all its gay diſguiſe.

IV.

The paſſions, at thy urgent call,
Our *reaſons* and our *ſenſe* enthrall
In frenzy's fetters ſtrong.
And now *deſpair* with lurid eye
Doth meagre *poverty* deſcry,
Subdu'd by famine long.

V.

The lover flies the haunts of day,
In gloomy woods and wilds to ſtray,
There ſhuns his *Jeſſy's* ſcorn;
Sad ſiſters of the ſighing grove
Attune their lyres to hapleſs love,
Dejected and forlorn.

VI.

Yet *hope* undaunted wears thy *chain*,
And *ſmiles* amidſt the growing *pain*,
Nor fears thy ſad diſmay;
Unaw'd by power her fancy flies
From earth's dim *orb* to purer ſkies,
Realms of endleſs *day*.

DIRGE.

I.

THE waving yew or cypreſs wreath
In vain bequeathe the mighty tear;

In vain the awful pomp of death
Attends the ſable-ſhrouded bier.

II.

Since *Strephon's* virtue's ſunk to reſt,
Nor pity's ſigh, nor ſorrow's ſtrain,
Nor magic tongue, have e'er confeſt
Our wounded boſom's ſecret pain.

III.

The juſt, the good, more honours ſhare
In what the conſcious heart beſtows,
Than *vice* adorn'd with ſculptor's care,
In all the venal pomp of woes.

IV.

A ſad-ey'd mourner at his tomb,
Thou, Friendſhip! pay thy rites divine,
And echo thro' the midnight gloom
That Strephon's early fall was thine.

HORACE, ODE XI. LIB. I.

NE'ER faſh your *thumb* what *gods* decree
To be the *weird* o' you or me,
Nor deal in *cantrip's* kittle cunning
To ſpier how faſt your days are running;
But patient lippen for the *beſt*,
Nor be in *dowy thought* oppreſt,
Whether we ſee mair winters come,
Than this that ſpits wi' canker'd foam.

Now moiſten weel your *gezzen'd wa's*
Wi' couthy friends and *hearty blaws*;
Ne'er lat your *hope* o'ergang your *days*,
For *eild and thraldom* never ſtays;
The day looks *gaſh*, toot aff your *horn*,
Nor care yae *ſtrae* about the *morn*.

THE AUTHOR's LIFE.

MY *life* is like the flowing ſtream
That glides where ſummer's beauties teem,
Meets all the *riches* of the gale
That on its watry boſom ſail,
And wanders 'midſt Elyſian groves
Thro' all the haunts that fancy loves.
May I when drooping days decline,
And 'gainſt thoſe genial *ſtreams* combine,
The winter's ſad decay forſake,
And center in my parent lake.

SONG.

I.

SINCE brighteſt beauty ſoon muſt fade,
That in life's ſpring ſo long has roll'd,
And wither in the drooping ſhade,
E'er it return to native mould:

II.

II.

Ye virgins, ſeize the fleeting hour,
In time catch Cytherea's joy,
'Ere age your wonted ſmiles deflow'r,
And hopes of love and life annoy.

EPIGRAM,

On a Lawyer's deſiring one of the Tribe to look with reſpect to a GIBBET.

THE lawyers may revere that tree
Where thieves ſo oft have ſtrung,
Since, by the Law's moſt wiſe decree,
Her thieves are never hung.

On the AUTHOR's *intention of going to Sea.*

FORTUNE and BOB, e'er ſince his birth,
Could never yet agree,
She fairly kickt him from the earth
To try his fate at ſea.

EPIGRAM,

EPIGRAM,

Written Extempore, at the desire of a Gentleman who was rather ill-favoured, but who had a beautiful Family of Children.

Sc—TT and his children emblems are
Of real good and evil;
His children are like cherubims,
But Sc—tt is like the devil.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES:

An ELEGY, *occasioned by the untimely* DEATH *of a* SCOTS POET.

By Mr JOHN TAIT.

Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus,
Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres
Cantos, Melpomene: cui liquidam pater
Vocem cum cithara dedit. HOR.

DARK was the night—and silence reign'd o'er all;
No mirthful sounds urg'd on the ling'ring hour:
The sheeted ghost stalk'd ghastly thro' the hall,
And ev'ry breast confess'd chill horror's pow'r:

Slumb'ring I lay: I mus'd on human hopes:
"Vain, vain, I cry'd, are all the hopes we form;
"When

"When winter comes, the ſweeteſt flow'ret drops,
"And oaks themſelves muſt bend before the ſtorm."

While thus I ſpake, a voice aſſail'd my ear, (dread!
'Twas ſad—'twas ſlow—it fill'd my mind with
"Forbear, it cry'd—thy moral lays forbear,
"Or change the ſtrain—for FERGUSSON is dead!

"Have we not ſeen him ſporting on theſe plains?
"Have we not heard him ſtrike the Muſe's lyre?
"Have we not felt the magic of his ſtrains,
"Which often glow'd with fancy's warmeſt fire?

"Have we not hop'd theſe ſtrains would long be heard?
"Have we not told how oft they touch'd the ſoul?
And has not Scotia ſaid, her youthful BARD
"Might ſpread her fame ev'n to the diſtant pole?

"But vain, alas! are all the hopes we rais'd; (o'er;
"Death ſtrikes the blow—they ſink—their reign is
"And theſe ſweet ſongs, which we ſooft have prais'd—
"Theſe mirthful ſtrains ſhall now be heard no more.

"This, this proclaims how vain are all the joys
"Which we ſo ardently wiſh to attain;
"Since ruthleſs fate ſo oft, ſo ſoon deſtroys
"The high-born hopes ev'n of the Muſes train."

I heard no more—The cock, with clarion ſhrill,
Loudly proclaim'd th' approach of morning near—

The

The noise was gone—but yet I heard it fill—
" For every note was echo'd back by fear.

" Perhaps, I cried, e'er yonder rising sun
" Shall sink his glories in the western wave,
" Perhaps 'ere then my race too may be run,
" And I myself laid in the silent grave.

" Oft then, O mortals! oft this dreadful truth
" Should be proclaim'd—for fate is in the sound,
" *That genius, learning, health and vigorous youth,*
" *May, in one day, in death's cold chains be bound.*"

FINIS.

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